NATIONAL REVIEW

40 Cents
October 10, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Automated Out?

HUGH KENNER

The Anatomy of Liberalism

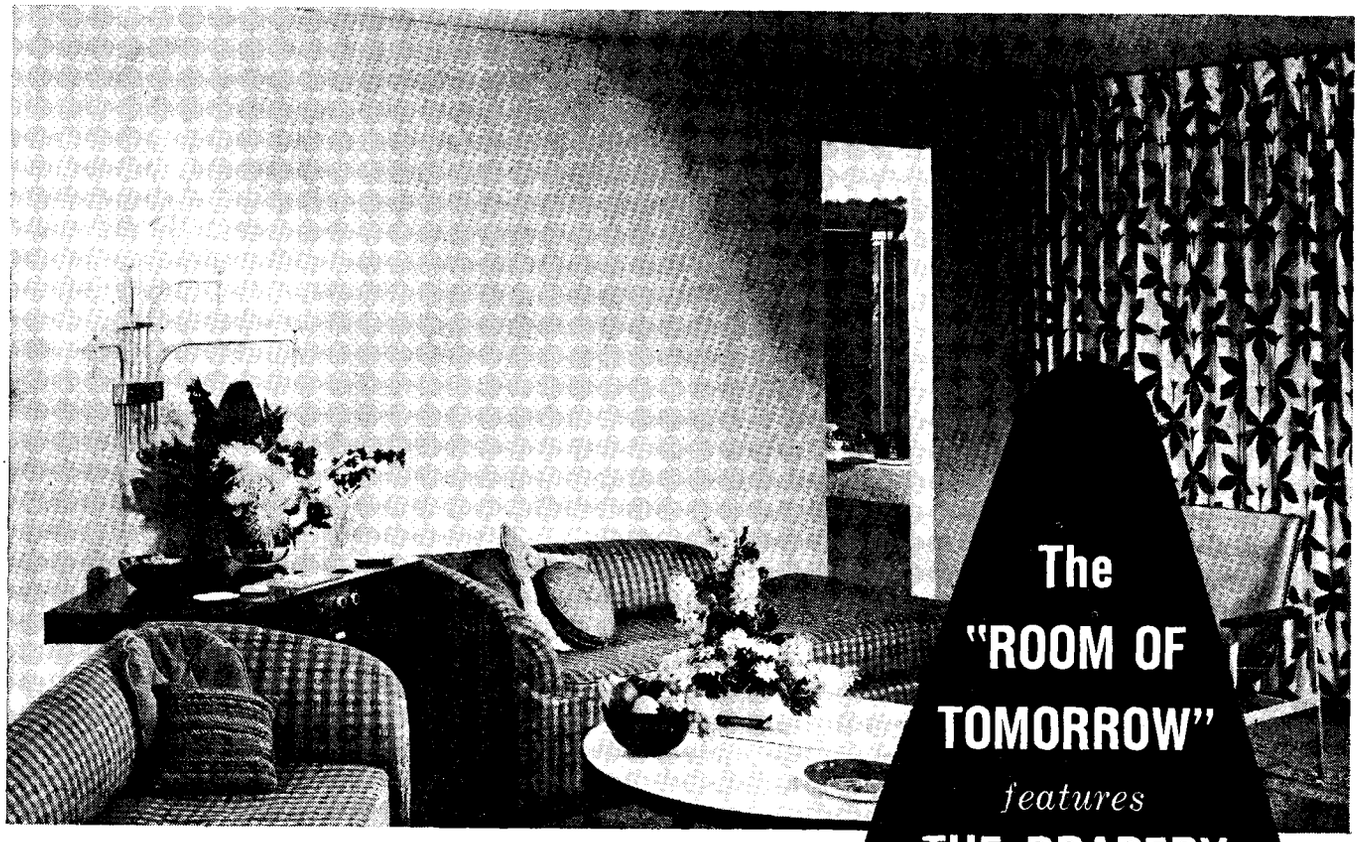
JAMES J. KILPATRICK

They Gave the Orders

L. BRENT BOZELL

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . FRANK S. MEYER
ELISEO VIVAS · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · RUSSELL KIRK
PETER CRUMPET · FRANCIS RUSSELL · JAMES BURNHAM

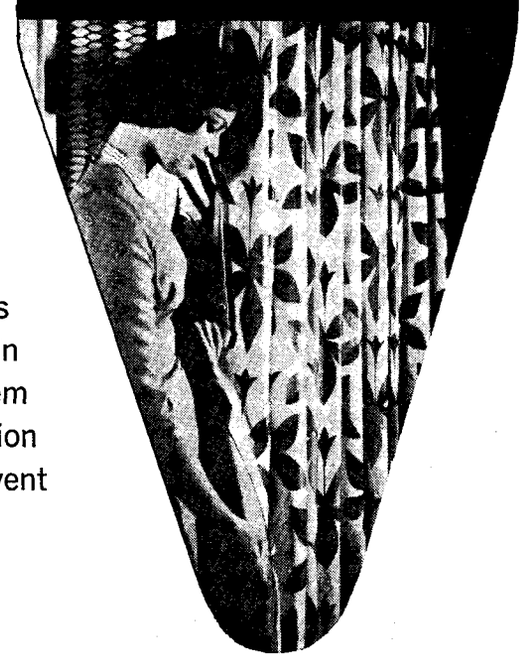
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The "ROOM OF TOMORROW" *features* THE DRAPERY OF TODAY!

Milium metal-insulated draperies, years ahead in design and practicality, insulate while you decorate. These, in Cohama's "Mistral" pattern, are featured in the National Hotel Exposition "Room of Tomorrow" being held November 2 to 6 at the New York Coliseum.

Selected for this exciting "Room" and used in fine hotels and motels throughout the country, Milium insulated draperies are one of the most modern advances in decor and comfort assurance. Try them in your home . . . they provide insulation against heat loss or gain and prevent sunlight filtration.



Milium®

METAL INSULATED DRAPERY FABRICS

- Reduce room temperature loss in cold weather by about 50%
- Reduce room temperature gain in warm weather by about 50%
- Dry cleans commercially — requires no special attention
- Virtually eliminate drapery fading

* As certified by the United States Testing Company

MILIUM DIVISION, DEERING MILLIKEN & CO., INC.
1045 Sixth Avenue, New York City

®"MILIUM" is the registered trademark of Deering, Milliken & Co., Inc. for metal-insulated fabrics.

Another development of Milliken-sponsored research.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Frank S. Meyer

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Francis Russell, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

CONTENTS OCTOBER 10, 1959 VOL. VII, NO. 26

THE WEEK 380

ARTICLES

Automated Out? .....Hugh Kenner 389
Can a Little Magazine Break Even? Wm. F. Buckley Jr. 393

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 379
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 387
The Third World War .....James Burnham 388
Principles and Heresies .....Frank S. Meyer 391
From Here to There .....John Chamberlain 392
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 395
To the Editor 404

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

The Anatomy of Liberalism ....James J. Kilpatrick 396
Skill without Warmth .....Peter Crumpet 397
For and Against "The Founder" .....Eliseo Vivas 398
The Blue Angel—Then and Now .....Francis Russell 400
Books in Brief 402

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.).

Copyright 1959 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc.

All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.
The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

For the Record

The State Department is pressuring Chiang Kai-shek to step down at the end of his present term in 1960. One of China's ambassadors is trying to establish himself as the successor, but Chen Chen, appointed Premier last year, seems preferred choice. . . . Anti-Communist rebels in Indonesia gaining strength and momentum. Overseas Chinese communities in Southeast Asia, resenting Sukarno drive against pro-Nationalist Chinese, are funneling money and materiel to rebels. . . . Powerful guerrilla forces in Tibet brought off a successful attack on Dam Shung airfield 50 miles northwest of Lhasa in early September.

Almost unnoticed in hubbub over Khrushchev, the $100 a plate dinner in Boston to raise funds for former White House appointments secretary Matthew J. Connelly, now free from prison pending appeal for new trial. Harry S. Truman headed guest list of 1,200. Dinner characterized as "highly successful" in moving toward astonishing goal of $250,000. . . . Testimony released by Senate Internal Security Subcommittee indicates former government employee Marcus I. Goldman is a financial angel of American Communist Party. Inserted in record are checks written by Goldman to various organizations on Attorney General's subversive list.

The British Labor Party, which proposed a voting age of 18 in hope of winning the "youth" vote, found itself one-down to conservative Lord Altrincham (the gentleman who thought the queen was dowdy). Altrincham had already suggested that the voting age be dropped to 16. . . . Former Defense Secretary Charles ("bird-dog") Wilson has a British counterpart these days, the Conservative polemicist who has become known to the left-wing press as "the unspeakable Dr. [Charles] Hill." Hill's offense? A barrelhouse charge that if Labor were voted into office things would be so bad no Englishman could own a pet dog.

One actor who didn't join in filmdom's acclaim of Khrushchev, movie and TV star (Wagon Train) Ward Bond. Bond, a longtime anti-Communist, said in his opinion Hollywood had "been had." . . . Averell Harriman among those protesting attempts of government and State Department to muzzle citizens criticizing visit. There was, said Harriman, "an official censorship of Americans telling Khrushchev what they thought."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● What prompted the postponement of the President's intended visit to the Soviet Union? Eisenhower's motives, like those of many simple men, were probably obscure. Perhaps he hoped to deter criticism from Democratic Presidential aspirants, who will be less likely to risk their careers on a critique of Eisenhower's foreign policy while there is even a remote chance that he may bring home the bacon. Perhaps he calculated that it would be easier to impose economies (*e.g.*, in our space program) upon a Democratic Congress that was not yet convinced that war-level expenditures are necessary. But we have another theory. As long as this deadly charade of mutual visits continues, it serves to distract the public gaze from the unpleasant fact that Mr. Eisenhower has no real foreign policy. Once Eisenhower has gone to Russia and returned, he must either develop a policy at last, or find another noisy substitute for one—and his exchange of visits with the world's No. 1 Communist will be hard to top as a noise-maker. By postponing his trip, Mr. Eisenhower can keep the world press chattering about it for another few months, and save himself (for that long, at least) the misery of having to decide what to do when it's over.

● With few exceptions, the European press of all levels and political tendencies covered the Khrushchev visit primarily as a spectacle—grandiose, colorful, grotesque. What political comments were made attributed almost uniformly three specific objectives to Khrushchev: a) reinforcement of his own and his government's position in the eyes of his own subjects; b) the psychological disarmament of the United States; and c) the stirring up of anti-German sentiment as a psychological lever of Soviet policy. Europeans are old timers, and do not get so easily carried away by the effusions that so infallibly bowl over American statesmen and journalists.

● Dr. Linus Pauling's celebrated ejaculation ("The man who gives the order to test a single large superbomb with high fission yield is dooming fifteen thousand seriously defective children to be born in later generations.") is being exposed, as the evidence piles up, as among the ranking sensationalisms in modern political polemics. Last week, for instance, a team of British scientists concluded *their* investigation into the dangers of fallout from bomb testing and revealed that the ordinary British diet contains amounts of radium and thorium equivalent in their effect to about 300 times the present intake of strontium 90 from nuclear explosions. And concluded: "If the present level of strontium 90 in food in this country represents a radiation hazard . . . then the whole process of eating food must be regarded as highly dangerous." To feed those statistics back through Dr. Pauling's image: Every time we put away a square meal, we condemn four million five hundred thousand seriously defective children to be born into later generations. Another way of stating the formula: If we will consent to eat 1/300th less than we now eat, we may proceed with our nuclear tests?

● The island nation of Ceylon has been thrown by the death of its popular leader, Prime Minister S.W.R D. Bandaranaike, into a political power struggle with considerable ideological overtones. Bandaranaike, who held together the leftist Sri Lanka Party by the force of his personality and popular appeal, had been a powerful moving force in Ceylonese politics since his election in 1956 on a platform of socialism and the elimination of British bases. His regime was marked by confusion and turmoil—both the confusion and his popularity increasing as he grew more conservative in his dealings with Ceylonese Leftists. He ruthlessly quelled a Colombo port strike this summer, eased relations with India and planned a trip to the United States and an address before the UN General Assembly. His successsor, Wijayananda, a tough anti-Communist who has pledged himself to continue Bandaranaike's domestic and foreign policies, now faces a revolt from contentious would-be leaders in his own party, the powerful opposition of a strong moderate party, and the vehement animosity of the leftist splinters, including popular Dr. N. M. Perera's Trotskyite opposition party. Observers are placing bets on whether the new prime minister will last until the next regularly scheduled elections in 1961. The prospects are poor.

● The past week provided a striking instance of the infinite complexity of Mideastern politics, and of the infinite flexibility—or opportunism—of the British conduct of foreign affairs. From London, of all places, Nasser got his principal backing for the more than $300 million loan that he seeks to get from the World Bank and other sources for the widening of the Suez Canal. (The United States—which is responsible for ousting Britain from Suez—continued to oppose the loan until Nasser lifts restrictions on ships trading with Israel.) Simultaneously, Nasser stepped up his subsidies to the Imam Ghaleb, leader of the Arab forces operating to smash the British-protected government of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman.

● Nasser has made important overtures to yesterday's enemies, the Kings of Saudi Arabia and Jordan, and they have scheduled a meeting in the Saudi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arabian capital of Riyadh next month to coordinate anti-Communist strategy. The Arab world is more sophisticated about the Communist menace than it was two years ago. The Communists have mounted a massive propaganda offensive to influence the deliberations of Riyadh.

● Those who have been proclaiming a thaw in the relationship between the State and the people of Hungary, and the relaxation of socialist dogma (*e.g.*, the *Reporter*) would do well to consult the Hungarian newspaper *Nepszabadsag* for September 27. It features a six-page report on the program of the Communist Party in Hungary—a program predicated on the total communization of the nation "without compromise." Among the plan's features: 1) complete collectivization of farm lands; 2) "eradication" of "counter-revolutionary revisionism and above all nationalism and chauvinism" in the Hungarian youth; 3) the triumph of Party "loyalty" over ugly "tendencies in the trade unions"; and 4) the proper idolizing of puppet Premier Janos Kadar as a "glorious" hero, downgrading of Imre Nagy as a tool of "the Western armed imperialists."

● The Communists are capitalizing on the suffering of the peoples they have trapped behind the Iron Curtain. A report released last week by the House Committee on Un-American Activities calls attention to the special customs duties on relief parcels sent to Russia, Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. It is standard for nations to accept relief packages duty-free. Communist nations attach duties up to 250 per cent as much again as the value of the article—with rake-offs for servicing agents (corporations owned by the Communists) and mail authorities. The Soviet Union and its satellites have consistently refused to accept any CARE packages at all. It is estimated that the Communists have cleared over $100 million from Canada and the United States in this blackmail on those who would feed the hungry.

● When may a man beat his wife in England? The present statutes would seem to indicate that he is so authorized between the hours of 6 A.M. and 9 P.M., in that it is only between the hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M. that wife-beating is expressly forbidden. This would have been bad enough, but when investigators for the League for the Defense of Women's Rights found that the reason for the prohibition was that "such beatings usually disturb through the concomitant noise the nocturnal peace of the neighbors," its members were driven almost, but not quite, speechless. We are assured that come what may—whoever wins the General Election—there is one law, at least, that will be amended when next Her Majesty's Parliament convenes.

● In strict accordance with the nobody-is-ever-responsible-for-anything philosophy now abroad—nay, rampant—in the land, citizens of Norwich, Conn., are seeking the *ex post facto* exoneration of arch-traitor Benedict Arnold—on, as one might expect, psychoanalytic grounds. They contend that Arnold suffered all the ills that neurotic personality-stuff is heir to (frustration, rejection, persecution, etc.), and that his defection to the British was the act of a "mentally disturbed man," and therefore excusable. As for us, we prefer to keep right on concentrating on the fact that—well, he just plain defected to the British. (Fact is, the only person we have heard of lately as being responsible for his misdeeds is Joe McCarthy, who, we are being told, was *both* neurotic *and* responsible.)

Naked

What do we know about Khrushchev now that we didn't know before? A feverish search is on, in which every editorial writer in the land is participating, ourselves included. One of them writes: *We now know that Khrushchev is very much on the defensive when asked embarrassing questions, involving,* e.g., *the suppression of the Hungarian Revolt, Soviet purges, the flight of Germans, East to West.* In fact, we have known this for a long while, having read of it in accounts of interviews with Khrushchev by Western journalists and statesmen.

Another writes: *American bases, it seems, irritate Khrushchev.* News? We have known it for years. We have learned that Khrushchev is not ten feet tall, that, in the words of one magazine, "In stature, leaders of the West seem much bigger." As a matter of fact, it is sad to report that by contrast with the leaders of the West, Khrushchev *is* ten feet tall, and if we got a different impression from his visit, we are further bewitched. Khrushchev is a man of total devotion to an ideal. He is a man of courage. A man of resolution. A man of extraordinary forensic and dialectical skill. A man.

The contrast is clear.

What did Khrushchev learn about us? He knew before he came the size of American corn, and that guerrillas from the working class are not fighting a civil war from the Rocky Mountains. He knew what he would find in the machine shops, and farms, and suburbia. If he learned anything new, it is the dreadful truth he was for some reason invited here to discover, that there is in fact no real fissure between the people and their President, that they, in particular the members of the business community whom he so fulsomely praised, are—the word for it?—bland. And so is our leader. This should have been guarded as top secret.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vindictive

Mr. Khrushchev spoke exultantly on reaching Moscow, and he had a lot to be exultant about. He had achieved, finally, social security which only capitalists—American capitalists—could really give him, and he spoke as though he had just been elected to Skull & Bones. There had been disagreeable moments however, he told the great crowd at the Sports Palace, such as he was given by Mayor Poulson of Los Angeles, but he put a stop to that in quick order: a protest to Lodge by Gromyko, and lo! the waters quieted and the sun shone.

But the enemies of the peace are still around. "I do not intend to hush up facts of hostile or unfriendly attitudes toward us," said Khrushchev, the man of realism. "There were such facts. You should know that just as the American newsmen were my traveling companions during the tour of the United States, Fascist refugees from different countries moved from city to city, flourishing their few miserable posters. . . . These forces should be exposed, they must be shown to the world, publicly whipped, they must be subjected to the torments of Hades."

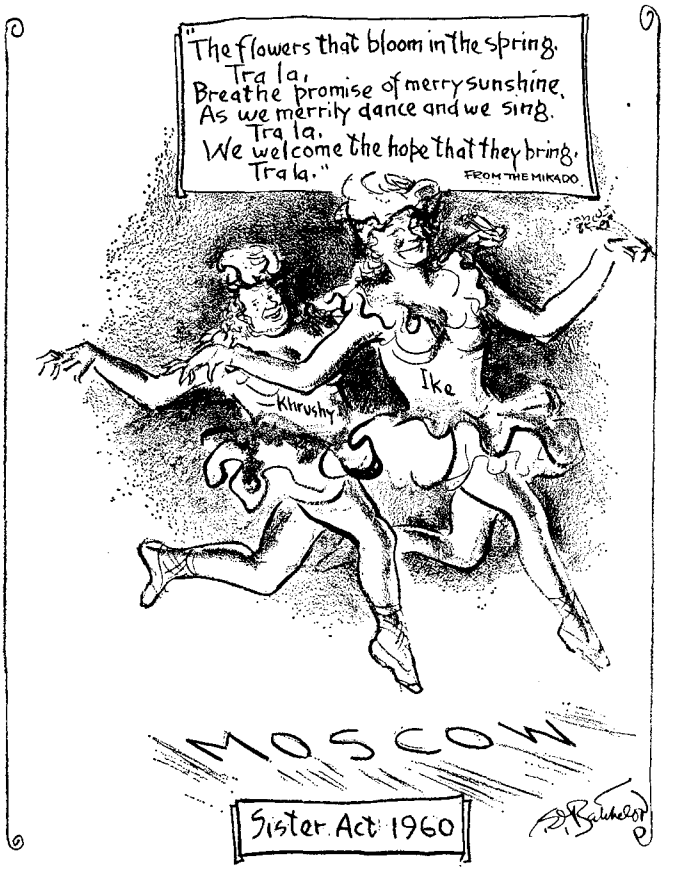
Well, how about it? We look to the next Congress to pass An Act to Provide for the Public Whipping of Persons Whose Activities Displease The Hon. Nikita S. Khrushchev. To judge from Mr. Eisenhower's supine acceptance of these remarks (he made no comment upon them at his press conference), and his diligent persecution (see below) of the Fascist elements and their miserable posters, here indeed is a measure reflecting the newfound solidarity of American-Soviet opinion.

We are sure Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. would be delighted to sponsor the bill.

Ashamed?

The nation owes a debt to the American Civil Liberties Union for entering a prompt and effective challenge to arbitrary police interference with demonstrators against the Khrushchev visit. The Committee For Freedom For All Peoples, whose stirring manifesto we published in our issue of September 12, called in the ACLU when its executive officers spotted policemen and city officials taking the law into their own hands on three separate occasions.

1. In Washington on the day Khrushchev arrived, several persons were manhandled by policemen for carrying emblems of mourning. Mr. Robert Stevens Jr., son of the former Secretary of the Army, was carried bodily from a sidewalk along the parade route because he carried skull-and-crossbones flags. Mr. Marvin Merry, of Scott Depot, West Virginia, was arrested for carrying an anti-Khrushchev banner.



2. The City Council of Ames, Iowa announced it would not grant licenses to demonstrators, nor permit the churches to toll their bells. In the end, under pressure, the City Council retreated. But by the time it did it was too late to organize demonstrations.

3. In Pittsburgh, Mike Ryan, who is a student at Georgetown, carried a sign in front of Khrushchev's hotel calling for "No Peace Without Freedom." He was arrested and held four hours without charges being posted against him. At the end of the period he was released subject to his agreeing not to sue the police for false arrest. The Committee For Freedom For All Peoples, surveying the scene, deduced that Soviet officials were giving orders to Pittsburgh police, and got confirmation of their suspicions. The Pittsburgh *Sun Telegraph* of September 5, p.1., wrote, "Safety Director Rosenberg, who ordered police to take signs from demonstrators, was bitterly criticized for yielding to the demands of a Russian secret policeman. The Russian officer demanded that Rosenberg have Pittsburgh police tear up offensive signs carried by pickets near the Carlton House."

On the basis of these incidents, Mr. Lawrence Speiser, counsel for the ACLU in Washington, D.C., wrote a letter which was published in the *Washington Post* serving notice that the ACLU would stand by peaceful demonstrators whose rights were being abridged. Brent Bozell of NATIONAL REVIEW's staff, an executive of The Committee For Freedom For All Peoples and a lawyer, telephoned the police stat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing exactly where demonstrators would be the next day, and challenged them to interfere.

The police did not do so, and Khrushchev, on his last visit to Washington, was able to see evidence that there was life in American anti-Communism. There remains the question, Will we have an official explanation from the police for their conduct? Will the ACLU follow through?

The incidents were in a way tangential features of the Khrushchev visit, but they deserve more pondering than they are likely to get. In the practical arrangements and above all in what were primly called "the security measures," the monster-state that we have nourished by our weaknesses and follies, displayed the all but total power that it has acquired over us. It was almost as if Leviathan were eagerly seizing this chance to demonstrate openly his fearful and irresponsible power. By his behavior he was writing on the walls of Washington, New York, Los Angeles, Des Moines and Pittsburgh a grim message for those able to read his hieroglyph: Big Brother Runs America.

Triumphant?

". . . you must start out with this: the situation [in Berlin] is abnormal. It was brought about by a military truce after the end of the war . . . and it put . . . a number of free people in a very awkward position. Now we've got to find a system that will be really acceptable to all the people of that region, including those most concerned, the West Berliners."

What goes on here? Enough to astound the people of West Berlin, who were not mollified even after Press Secretary James Hagerty rushed forward, as is so often necessary, to bail Mr. Eisenhower out. Said Hagerty: "The President of course did not mean that the freedom of the people of West Berlin is going to be abandoned or that Allied rights are going to be surrendered by unilateral action." What does *that* mean? How can Allied rights be "surrendered" *except* by unilateral action? If we have a *right* to be in Berlin, only we can give up that right.

And what does the President mean by finding a solution that is "really acceptable to all the people of that region"? All the people in that region, as has been proved by the swollen river of escapees to West Germany, want freedom from the Soviet Union, and it mocks reality to talk of a solution for *all* the people of that region a few hours after talking with Nikita Khrushchev about coexistence.

The Soviet Union has announced there is no official time-table on Berlin. Its announcement synchronizes alarmingly with what may have been a Freudian slip by General Eisenhower. What *has* he gone and done?

Deflating a Theory

Dr. Colin G. Clark, the distinguished Oxford economist who is director of research for the Econometric Institute, Inc. of New York City, recently took some of his charts to Washington and gave the Senate-House Economic Committee (Senator Paul Douglas presiding) something to think about.

First, Dr. Clark ripped into the popularly held belief that the Soviet economy is growing considerably faster than our own. The figure often given for Soviet growth rate is 6 per cent a year as compared to some 3.5 for the United States. According to Dr. Clark, the Soviet figure is arrived at by taking the devastated war years as the base from which subsequent improvement is measured. By the same method of computation, so Dr. Clark indicated, it could easily be proved that the German, the Japanese and, presumably, the Rumanian economies are about to overtake the American. As Dr. Clark neatly put it, the statisticians who think a 6 per cent growth in Soviet productivity is "normal" might be compared to a doctor who, plotting the weight gains of a child recovering from a serious illness, projects his graph to prove "that in a year's time the child would weigh more than his father." Actually, said Dr. Clark, the Russian growth in productivity has slowed down in recent years "in keeping with its normal long-period trend. . . . Over the whole period 1913 to 1956 the average rate of growth of real product per man hour in Soviet Russia was only 1.2 per cent per annum." Taking 1939 as a starting point, Dr. Clark figures the growth in Soviet productivity to be 1.6 per cent per year. Thus, instead of "overtaking" the U.S., the Soviets are actually falling behind.

A second poser for the legislators was Dr. Clark's statement that it is taxes, not wages or profits, that are the prime cause of the rising price levels in the "inflationary" economics of the Western world. Whenever the tax level of a nation goes over 25 per cent of net national income for any length of time, so Dr. Clark said, inflation of costs and prices are an inevitable corollary. To prove his contention, Dr. Clark offered the legislators a series of charts on comparative levels of price rise and taxation all over the world. In the U.S., the total tax take, federal, state and local, has been running in excess of 30 per cent of net national income.

As an interesting footnote to "Keynesian" history, Dr. Clark remarked that in 1944 he received a private letter from Lord Keynes himself expressing agreement with his conclusion that it is the high taxation needed to support government spending that is the cause of so-called "inflationary" price levels. For the benefit of "Keynesian" high-tax legislators Dr. Clark quoted Keynes as saying, "I am not a Keynesian."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unions and the Law

The venerable Dean Roscoe Pound is *not* a) dead nor b) inactive, as so many persons have assumed from knowing how many years he occupied the strategic role of Dean of the Harvard Law School, and how many years ago that was. Dean Pound writes still, and writes on behalf of a larger understanding of the relevance of the law to modern problems. As ever, his point of view is Olympian, and his most recent pamphlet (*Labor Unions and the Concept of Public Service,* American Enterprise Association, Washington, D.C.) disdains narrow factionalism while effecting a major legal offensive against arrant, omnipotent, irresponsible big-labor unionism.

These are not adjectives Dean Pound would use. He accepts—willingly, one guesses—the discipline of the technician and his language is as passionless as a doctor's prescription. His dryness, together with his total unconcern for style, makes his recent pamphlet eminently unreadable, however significant it is. The relationship of big labor and the law is a relationship that public-spirited laymen should probe—but are not likely to, at least not in force, when it becomes necessary to work through turgid sentences.

But that is to quibble. Dean Pound's thesis, which is brilliantly researched and brilliantly thoughtful, is that for many centuries reaching back to Plantagenet England, society has generally accepted the notion that special responsibilities pertain to enterprises engaged in the public service. Then it was the miller, the carrier, the wharfinger. Now there are at least one hundred such activities, most of them legally defined, of which the community makes special demands, in exchange for the right to enjoy privileges of a special character. We are overdue in recognizing, Dean Pound says, that labor unions enjoy a series of immunities which grant them extraordinary powers. He favors not so much the curtailment of these powers (one senses he would find this unrealistic) as the imposition of correlative duties.

The central immunities: 1) labor unions are unincorporated, which is to say they are not, legally, created by, and therefore subordinate to, the state—"the only terms," Pound quotes another legal scholar, "upon which the existence of large associations of men can be safely allowed to lead an active life." Under the circumstances, unions cannot be held corporately responsible for unfair labor practices. Indeed, until the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act, no "unfair labor practices" had even been stipulated by the federal legislature. *Respondeat superior,* Dean Pound says, is now, as ever, "the real bulwark of the general security."

2) The principal instrument for "enforcing the law . . . enjoining irreparable injury"—applicable to all—"has been substantially eliminated as against labor organizations."

3) The unions are exempt from the provisions of anti-trust laws.

And 4) all the "far-reaching immunities" that have resulted from giving to the National Labor Relations Board, an administrative agency, the right to make rulings on matters other than those involving the relationship between employer and employee.

Dean Pound rejects the warnings of Senator Taft, that the govenment will undertake to adjudicate disputes between business and labor by imposing "equitable" solutions only at the peril of losing a free economy. Dean Pound sees the danger, but reasons that one cannot permit what is in fact a public service organization to wage war on the entire society in order to maximize its leverage at the bargaining table. The problem is to prevent its happening *and* maintain a free economy, rather than surrender to the dogma that any interference means total interference. Legal reforms are needed, to be sure, and will go a long way in reducing the irresponsible potential of monoply unionism. But to the extent that corrective legislation proves insufficient, it will become necessary to revise one's notions about the untrammeled rights of a labor association to bargain "freely," if by "freely" is meant without regard to the consequence to the community of the bargaining agent's decision.

"What resources have we in our legal juristic armory with which to put this situation into just relation to the law as a whole?" The search is for a legal definition of the "duties in the area of health, safety, comfort, and convenience of the public correlative to the monopolistic advantages acquired on each side of the employer-employee relation." As long as labor and business observe these tenets "the organized combinations on each side of the relation continue to hold and enjoy [special] . . . advantages." The approach of the Kennedy labor bill, one infers, is wrong: "[The] body of labor law should be developed into well-reasoned principles and conceptions rather than by rigid rules attaching rigidly defined consequences to rigidly defined states of fact."

Dean Pound does not talk about the major political problems that stand in the way of enacting his ideas into law; but he is clearly aware of them. Labor union leaders, he complains, resist any proposals for curbing their immunities by objecting to being "pushed around"—in the opinion of Dean Roscoe Pound, "an assertion of dignity such as that upon which immunities of government officials, the king's servants, noblemen, and members of legislative bodies once rested before we learned to distinguish, as we do today, between impairment of official efficiency and mere offended pride."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation *Knows Why*

The *Nation* magazine, which last attracted national attention several years ago when one of its contributors resigned in protest against the pro-Communism of the *Nation's* foreign policy, 1) is still being published, 2) is still being shocked by the doings of American capitalists, and 3) is still insensible to the doings of Communist leaders. Last week's issue expressed dismay at the fact that the Allen-Bradley Company of Milwaukee should have taken out full-page newspaper advertisements calling attention to the fact that Khrushchev is "reputed to be one of history's most brutal murderers and most vicious liars." ("Hysterical," said the *Nation.*)

"Well, this is a free country," the *Nation* observes (ruefully?), "and one of the unavoidable embarrassments of freedom is that our citizens can publicly insult visiting dignitaries if they see fit. Mr. Khrushchev does not strike us as a thin-skinned man, and we have no doubt that he will survive being called a murderer, enslaver, and liar." But why did Allen-Bradley do it? The *Nation* knows. Allen-Bradley manufactures motor controls and electronic components, at least a third of which are "produced for the government under defense contracts. Therefore 'Peace and Friendship' is not a slogan that would appeal to Allen-Bradley's board of directors, nor are the directors likely to approve of any international visits that might slow the momentum of the cold war . . . [Allen-Bradley] is trying to sell hate and fear because hate and fear stimulate the sale of electronic components."

Well, it *is* a free country, as the *Nation* says. And we make use of *our* freedom to advise the board of directors of Allen-Bradley that whoever wrote the editorial just quoted is given to the use of rhetoric and analysis which are distinctively Communist, and could not therefore be expected to understand a public message designed to speak to free and decent men.

United Nations Farce

Proofs that the United Nations is a farce are never wanting, but never to be overlooked either because intelligent people in many countries do continue to take it seriously. The case of the Dalai Lama is as good a proof as we are likely to have.

Communist China, in an open act of aggression, clamps its rule on Tibet—though not rapidly enough to prevent the Dalai Lama and his retinue from escaping across the border into India. A threat to world peace, of exactly the sort the Security Council is (or was) supposed to take cognizance of? Evidently not, since the Security Council has met since the Dalai Lama escaped, and no member-nation, including the United States, chose to bring up the matter. Then how about the General Assembly, and its self-attributed power to "unite for peace"? No hope there, because the Assembly has its regular sessions only from September to December, so that there are eight months per year during which it not only does not unite for peace but does not meet at all—unless to continue business initiated at a previous regular session. How about the Steering (or General) Committee? Ah! The Dalai Lama's recent appeal for justice lies before it, but in order to become an "agenda item" it must be proposed by a Committee member and none, not even the U.S., has made the necessary proposal. The American delegation? It has, according to its press office, no plan at the moment to take steps. The Dalai Lama, meanwhile, waits helpless in India, where he is not permitted by his hosts to claim the rights of a government-in-exile. The United States, we are reliably informed, does not intend to help remove him to a place where he can be a government-in-exile—on the flimsy excuse that such action would make people regard him as an American propaganda instrument, and destroy his "propaganda value."

In the general debate about to be begun in the newly-constituted General Assembly the Dalai Lama will, unavoidably, be brought up for discussion. However, nothing short of a strong lead from the U.S. delegation could carry that discussion beyond expressions of sympathy and regret—that is, beyond sheer talk. Will such a lead be forthcoming? We'd be astonished. But if it is not, we shall be there to insist that the U.S. delegation, like the UN itself, is a farce, deserving neither of attention nor respect.

A Return to Sanity

The educationists are on the run in Levittown. Ever since NATIONAL REVIEW exposed the nature of some of the reading materials imposed upon advanced sixth grade readers in the Levittown, District 5, schools (including a slanderous debunking of Alexander Hamilton and the customary mildewed pacifism of Norman Cousins), School Superintendent Fred Ambellan and his legions have suffered one defeat after another.

NATIONAL REVIEW's first article appeared on February 28, 1959. On March 10, the Superintendent's Office ordered the offensive materials withdrawn from classroom use—pending an "examination." On April 22, Ambellan ordered the materials restored to the curriculum, looking heavenward, and taking oaths to academic freedom. Whereupon the school board, weighted 6-1 in favor of Mr. Ambellan, voted itself an increased budget and submitted it to the people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the May primary. The budget was promptly voted down. Defeat No. 1.

The Information and Education Committee of Levittown's District 5, which was formed to protest the kind of education the children were getting in Levittown, organized and submitted a slate of three candidates for the school board. Two of them won, upping the number of Good Guys to three, against four. Defeat No. 2.

When the new board met to elect a chairman, it discovered that one of the four-man educationist majority had bought a house in Scarsdale and maintained her Levittown residence only to hold sway on the school board. She resigned under fire (Defeat No. 3), and an election to replace her was scheduled for August.

Came August and the IEC's reform candidate was swept in, swinging the majority of the school board around to the view that Levittown schools should do better than promote pacifism and materialist and spiteful interpretations of the founders of this country.

To the new school board and the IEC we say: congratulations, and continue the good work. And we have a few friendly suggestions: screen Science Research Associates leaflets; dispense with simple-minded multiple-choice education; restore to the school its historic function—to teach the children tools of learning, and the standards, the traditions, the moral values of our civilization. Good luck.

A Freedom Academy NOW

The hearings have been held, the witnesses interviewed, the congressmen have spoken their rhetoric —and yet there is no Freedom Academy. It has been five years since a small group of Florida businessmen from Orlando proposed an academy to train students in the meaning of freedom, in the theory and practice of Communism, and in the methods of counteraction.

Why has there been no action?

A bill to set up such an academy was introduced in the Senate by Karl Mundt and Paul Douglas, and in the House by A. S. Herlong Jr., Florida Democrat, and Walter Judd, Minnesota Republican. It provides for the establishment of a seven-man Freedom Commission, appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, to serve full-time in organizing and administering a Freedom Academy. It provides for a Joint Congressional Freedom Committee to handle resolutions pertaining to the operation, financing and curriculum of the Academy. It provides for the establishment of such an Academy, to operate as a university, to teach students 1) the nature of the Communist conspiracy; 2) how to participate most effectively in the struggle; 3) a sense and an understanding of their mission, an *esprit de corps,* and an operational know-how indispensable to successful counteraction against Communism.

Here is a reasonable, practicable, forceful answer to world-wide Communist espionage agencies, to the domestic Communist Party movement, and to trained Communist activitists, propagandists and infiltrators. It is properly a government project because it is part of our war machine. The Freedom Academy proposal has bipartisan support—from its congressional sponsors; from socialist Sidney Hook and conservative Stefan Possony; from David Sarnoff of RCA, C. D. Jackson of Time, Inc., and Leo Cherne of the International Rescue Committee. Newspapers all over the country have endorsed the bill, as has the AFL-CIO.

And still no action. Why? In the Senate, there have been administrative breakdowns. At critical moments during the last session, Senator Dodd was laid up with food poisoning and a sprained ankle. The Senate Judiciary Committee (parent committee of the Internal Security Subcommittee which is considering the bill) has been involved in a bitter battle over the civil rights bill—and pro-Academy senators feared for the fate of an Academy bill in such an acrimonious atmosphere. In the House, a key congressman in a critical position has arbitrarily refused to consider the bill as a result of a personal misunderstanding.

We hope the next congressional session will act more decisively, that the Senate Judiciary Committee and the House Committee on Un-American Activities will endorse the bill and bring it to the floor, and that we will have a Freedom Academy. Delay is costly; five years are hard to recover.

Notes and Asides

During the summer, we wrote to our readers, telling them once again the hard facts of NATIONAL REVIEW's economic life. Their response was moving, and effective, and has made possible the continued publication of the magazine through 1959 and at least the early months of 1960. In connection with our appeal, we prepared a statement relating the effects of inflation on publishing, which we feel is of general interest, and we reproduce it herewith, under the title, "Can a Little Magazine Break Even?"

We welcome the return to the magazine of Mr. L. Brent Bozell who has been on leave of absence for two months, during which he devoted his full time to the Committee For Freedom For All Peoples.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

They Gave the Orders

The visit produced a great Communist triumph. It cannot yet be measured because we live in an era of secret diplomacy—a throwback to Yalta—in which the public is kept in the dark about the true state of affairs between nations. (My own belief, on the strength of what both men said after leaving Camp David, is that Khrushchev and Eisenhower entered into a secret understanding on Berlin, involving substantial Western concessions.) But the triumph is established, whether or not we made concrete concessions: in the propaganda dimension, the Communists slaughtered us.

Communist propaganda victories are no longer measured by the Kremlin's success in "selling the Communist line"; that day is long past. What matters now is the extent to which the Communists can persuade the world, including us, of their power—that they are winning, that they are giving the orders.

From the day the invitation was announced, it was clear that Khrushchev was giving the orders—in that case, "negotiate" or else. Thereafter, he had only to make known his imperious wishes, and they were complied with. He told American reporters the kind of questions he wanted to be asked, and they were asked. He told the American people and their government how he wanted to be received, and the country, from the White House down, fell into line. In a fatuous speech at the United Nations, he told the world that "general disarmament" was the main problem facing the two powers; in the Camp David communiqué Eisenhower obligingly agreed. Whether it concerned mighty matters of state wherein the Soviet Union presumed to tell the United States what would, and what would not, be considered an acceptable American foreign policy, or small administrative matters wherein the Soviet Secret Police instructed American local police to destroy signs and emblems that offended Khrushchev, the impression was the same: Communism is the ascendant world force.

Some Western commentators professed to be pleased by the amiability Khrushchev displayed on his departure. Are they mad? Nikita Khrushchev's personal mood, when not playacting, is perhaps the world's most reliable weathervane for determining the state of Communism's political fortunes. Mr. Khrushchev's mood on departure was that of a man who has had, and is having, everything his way.

I suspect, however, that when all the returns are in, Khrushchev's visit will appear less important for what it produced in Communist victory than for what it revealed about American weakness. To put it bluntly, the visit exposed a surrender potential in the United States of a depth and magnitude that leaves no objective grounds for believing the country will survive.

What came to light must be called a potential, rather than a proneness, because America is not consciously disposed to submit. Our words and thoughts are couched in Orwellian euphemisms that conceal, even from ourselves, the reality they represent. We say we are anxious "to seek peace together" with Khrushchev; and we mean it. But in objective reality we mean we are prepared to acquiesce in Communist proposals. We say it is good to "relax tensions." What we really mean is that it is good to stop resisting. We mean these things because, at the behest of our leaders, we have learned to work with Communist definitions. Yesterday in our public rhetoric, now in our private thought processes, we tend to formulate international problems in Communist terms. And it is a mathematical proposition that Communist problems yield Communist solutions.

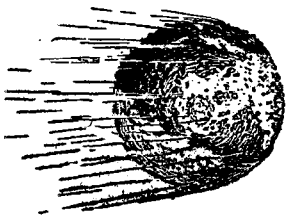
An example. Midway in the tour Khrushchev threatened to go home unless the tone of his reception changed—*e.g.*, unless Americans ceased affirming their dedication to freedom in his presence, as the Mayor of Los Angeles had done. Overnight the U.S. capitulated. The surrender was justified by the following propositions which were spawned in the White House, endorsed by the press, and accepted, evidently without question, by the majority of the American people: If we are not "courteous," he *will* go home, or, at best, he will be grumpy at the Camp David talks; if he goes home, or is grumpy, the chances of relaxing tensions will be impaired; if tensions are not relaxed, there may be war. And a third argument? Of course. A Communist one? Yes. But who, except for a handful, resisted?

And it is this argument, in essence, that will ultimately bring us down. In essence, the Communists are telling us, and we are repeating after them, that it is "war or else"—with "else" being a constantly changing factor representing the current Communist demand. As a general rule, the Communists are shrewd enough—and this is one of the keys to their future success—at keeping their immediate price low. The "else," typically, is a relatively mild demand—courtesy to K., immediate Summit negotiations, a new status for Berlin, non-interference in Iraq—which the West can accept without seeming fatally to weaken its position. If their approximate price is too steep, the Communists run the risk that Western leaders will redefine the problem.

The other key to Communist success is, of course, the West's fear of war. This fear, in the United States, is not morbid; but it runs deep and strong. The Khrushchev reception demonstrated that it is strong enough, in both the government and the people, to support major Western concessions. It seems strong, enough, moreover, to support the ultimate concession when that point is finally reached. There is no doubt that if the American people were asked to choose between war and slavery, they would take war. But there *is* serious doubt whether that choice, in those terms, will ever be put to them. The alternatives, at every step along the road to surrender, seem destined to be defined in other terms, in Communist terms.

(To be continued)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Eurafrica or Afro-Asia?

Paris

Throughout western Europe, Africa is not only—like the Common Market—a live topic for national discussion, but a stimulus to passion. Very many Europeans feel deeply about Africa, feel committed to one side or the other of the struggles, terrors, debates, murders, elections, wars and riots thrown daily to the surface of the steaming African cauldron.

Europeans, that is to say, feel as well as judge that Europe's future is ineluctably tied to Africa. Recognizing Communist control of the Asiatic mainland and assuming (as Europeans assume) a stabilized stalemate on their main—the eastern—front, Europeans see Africa as the principal theater of operations for the next period.

Economically, Africa is the great frontier that small and crowded Europe (squeezed smaller than ever by the Iron Curtain on the east), locally deficient in both room and resources, must have for an expanding economy and a rising standard of living. As economic frontier, Africa is not ideal. Though there is an abundance of copper, bauxite, cobalt, radium, gold, silver and newly found oil, Africa apparently has little coal or iron. Large portions of its surface are desert, and its climate is in many areas ferocious.

But energy from rivers, oil, the atom and the sun can substitute for energy from coal. There is land enough to grow plenty of almost everything, once it is put into active use, with plagues wiped out by modern hygiene, and water piped to the deserts—before long—from desalting plants along the seacoasts. A developing Africa would be a market of dizzying potential for the automated, mass-scale industries pushed forward by Europe's unifying pressures.

But politically? Europe cannot solve either the political or the economic problem of Africa unless it solves, sufficiently, the political problem.

What *could* be, what *can* be, the political relation of Africa to Europe? It is all very well for ideologists—conspicuously including American ideologists—to give the verbally straightforward answer of "independence" and "freedom." But "independence" for whom and for what?

In most of Africa there neither are nor ever have been distinct nations—free *or* bond—with more or less definite boundaries, ethnic composition, culture, symbols and so on. In most of Africa the political framework corresponds to administrative divisions imposed by the former colonial powers on agglomerations of diverse and usually hostile tribes, with borders determined by geography and the accidents of settlement, sometimes related to vague suzerainties in Africa's dim past. The nations are struggling, not to be liberated, but to be born; and the white Europeans are the midwives.

Many Americans do not realize that the major powers directly concerned (*i.e.*, Britain, France, Belgium) are all committed to African "self-determination"—which de Gaulle extended even to the exceptional case of Algeria a fortnight ago. Whatever the fear or bitterness of the European settlers in Africa, there is virtually no dispute in Europe itself over this general perspective. The disputes—and troubles—are over methods, techniques and timing.

I have talked with a number of Europeans both Left and Right who believe that the timing is too slow, and that the critical moment may already have passed. A right-wing (though not typical) British Tory and a Labor Party professor just back from three years in Africa spoke almost identically: "If you've got to grant independence in the long run anyway, then grant it at the start and get the credit. If you drag it out, that only means bitterness and struggle that drives them over to the other side. We may already be too late, but the thing to do is to turn the governments over 100 per cent to the native inhabitants right now, with no more discussion. Then, when they have the titles and are sitting in the big offices, they will come to us for capital, tools and know-how—in short, to run things for them. In that way we will operate in Africa with their backing instead of, as at present, with their enmity."

The Longer Term

But when after a few years they feel able to stand on their own feet? or if they look elsewhere for their tools and straw bosses? or if, once in power, they drive out all whites and seize all their goods? or if Islam, as Nasser plans, captures the black heart of Africa? or if Soviet power floods down over the Mideastern bridge? Europeans know well enough that these longer-term, more desperate questions will be posed, but they deliberately forbear planning very far ahead. If they can keep going this year and next, maybe they'll find some sort of path through the jungle of the year after.

Quite possibly they are correct in this determined shortsightedness. It is given to no man to see much of the road ahead. Today's African problems, without anticipating tomorrow's, are almost overwhelmingly formidable. There are really no historical precedents to offer guidance.

Yet I somehow—not so much from any explicit reasoning as from hunch or intuition—think Europe still has a chance in Africa. Europe has recovered at least somewhat from the moral funk and mental stupor in which she allowed herself to be pushed so humiliatingly out of most of Asia. Even in parts of Asia she is coming back a bit. And she is facing the African chaos with a conscious resolve to have at least a try at creating Eurafrica.

Europe is no doubt old and feeble now, but she is scarred and sly, and tough somewhere deep inside. A dozen years ago it looked as if Europe had quit for good. Like a hardened old wrestler, she may only have been resting to get her breath.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Automated Out?

Is the teacher, asks a distinguished critic, left with anything to do that cannot be done better by technology?

HUGH KENNER

We have been hearing enough about what Mr. Whittaker Chambers in these pages recently called the Closing College Door ["Foot in the Door," June 20] to convince the most analphabetic of one thing at least: that their children anyhow, come hell or national bankruptcy, are going to get inside a college and spend four years there. So "googols[1] of secondary school graduates"—I quote Mr. Chambers' paraphrase of what comes from my radio every day as I drive home from campus—"will be besieging the gates of the campuses, quite futilely, since college facilities will be totally inadequate to cope with such hordes."

Mr. Chambers argues for coping with the googols by television. Some 3,400 students recently signed up for a TV course in Russian; and one teacher (I believe it) efficiently instructed them. So — "why cannot a comparatively small faculty (and a highly select one at that) instruct millions just as well as 3,400?"

Speaking as a college teacher, I can see no reason why not, so long as "instruct" is the operative verb. Television is unmatched for its efficiency in conveying information, and for two reasons: it hypnotizes the viewer, and it isolates him. The instructor is set face to face with him, in formidable immediacy. Not for the televiewer the solvent anonymity of a large class in which to doze, while the tenses of the Russian verb or the coefficients of Boyle's Law tumble through their soothing permutations twenty feet away.

That conveying information is the proper role of the University the video argument appears to take for granted; though it is conceded that there is no way of kinescoping "the celebrated intangibles, dedicated to shaping, as we are reminded at almost any Commencement exercises, 'the whole man.'" It seems worth while attempting to show, before this thing goes any further, that the whole equation, University = Instruction + Intangibles, is misconceived, and certainly no more by Mr. Chambers than by demi-googols of University personnel whom the video age is rapidly depriving of a leg to stand on.

[1] A unit followed by a hundred zeroes.

The Teacher's Role

Intangibles can look after themselves. Either something valuable besides Instruction goes on in a college classroom, at least in enough college classrooms to make the system worth salvaging, or we may just as well—nay, had better—start breaking out the Master Lesson Plans and the pancake makeup. I am going to try to state what it is.

I commence, gently enough, by reminding the diligent reader that a campus is generally constructed around a library. The reader hereupon supposes that I am telegraphing my punch. I am going to evoke the Majestic Written Heritage of Western Man, which it behooves us (each nose-deep in his Book) to absorb, sustain, exalt, preserve, and make prevail against the things that go crackling in the ether. Let the reader take heart. I am going to do no such thing. I am going to suggest that the printed word may well be the student's worst enemy; and that *therefore* it is the focus of the most radical and exhilarating educational process.

I am myself—let me come down to cases—an English professor. I have, by definition, students who read. I have done some reading myself. This would seem to guarantee a minimum literacy, and since the language we chiefly read in is English, and my students and I both understand several thousand of the commoner words in this tongue, the class would seem to be over before it starts: unless I am to draw pay for telling them what is in the book they have before them.

Ah but, someone suggests, there is Interpretation. These books, not all of them but at least some of them, require to be discussed, not to say explained; and *that* is the teacher's mission. No, not quite. I might write out my explanations and discussions in a book of my own, and make it available to the student. To this writing I might bring a tranquil judiciousness and a marshalled cogency unattainable in ex-tempore lectures; and to my book the student might bring at times of his own choosing an incandescent attention not to be summoned up on demand at 9 o'clock three mornings a week, one of them a Monday.

Let us be more specific still. From time to time I teach a course entitled "The Poetry and Plays of T. S. Eliot." It happens that I have written out in a book the best that I can do toward explaining and focusing what it is that T. S. Eliot has been up to (*The Invisible Poet: T. S. Eliot*). Now what reason is there why I should not assign to my class Mr. Eliot's works and this book of mine together, and go my ways, and at the end of the term examine them on their mastery of these documents, Mr. Eliot's book and my written exposition, and according to the results of this examination report to the Registrar on their progress towards that Degree which they day and night covet? Why might I not even, for that matter, appear once on television, with or without makeup, and announce this dual reading assignment, and go my ways as before? The answer is this: that *the function of the teacher of literature is to transpose into dialogue, assist his students to transpose into dialogue, the essentially solitary act of communing with a book.*

This, in a culture that has been based since the seventeenth century

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on printed documents, is perhaps the central pedagogic act. It is surprising that it has not been more studied.

The book is the least public of all the media of discourse. It channels silently into the solitary reader's interior a sequence of items that have been coerced into irreversible sequence. Its assimilation, for the too-practiced reader, bypasses entirely even the latent analogies of print with the spoken word. (*Time* prose, an extremely interesting technological hybrid, presupposes a skillful consumer of print but cannot be read aloud at all.) Neither does the writer speak nor the reader assent. "The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal," he reads, or, "April is the cruellest month"; and sitting alone, in silence, with his book, he allows these statements to imprint themselves on a mental gelatine prepared for their reception, all the time illustrating the principle, prefigured in one of the most startling prophetic passages of Scripture, that books can be swallowed (Revelation X-10).

A New Dimension

The teacher's business is to transpose communion into dialogue; to elevate the word once more from a thing recorded to a thing spoken. Books will only sustain a civilization when the words they contain become speech, spoken, assented to, modified, intermodulated: living words to which we pay the kindling attention exacted by a living speaker. In the dialogue between the teacher and his students the printed words enter a dimension of existence which the student unassisted would have no means of suspecting; and this metamorphosis of the printed word is sustained by the living interplay of human voices, human presences. Even the teacher who treats the book as dead matter to be "discussed," or as a card-house of Great Ideas (101 of them) to be cascaded deftly from hand to hand, succeeds in challenging its numbing authority. The *real* teacher can ventilate and enhearten the silent desperation with which even the best student locks his mind with the best of books; can restore to written exposition the vibrations of men speaking and men responding to speech; can hand poetry back to its analogies with speech and song; and allow modern poetry, composed on a typewriter, to exploit in cunning publicity the tensions it has discovered between the spoken and the silent word.

He does this by a thousand devices too intimately entoiled in his personal presence, and in his sense of the personal presence of his students, to be codified; all of them defy either typographic or electronic mediation because they depend on the central pedagogic situation, which is the presence in one room of both books and living persons. Even if the teacher is of such a temperament that he proceeds chiefly by monologue (and I incline that way myself) there is a dialogue of eyes and faces. He paces his remarks by his sense of what is happening among the students; tries gambits, develops or withdraws them as the class kindles or gropes; performs in short in a milieu nourished by human presences, his and theirs. The book too is a party to the dialogue; and nothing but dreary Ersatz (Shakespeare Explained, with a detailed model of the Elizabethan Theater, and performances of the Finest Scenes in Authentic Costumes by accredited members of the Actors' Guild) can supervene on any interruption of his and his students' sense of the book's presence, and his sense of their response, and their responding intuition of this sense of his.

Letters into Civilization

University administrators, of course, often measure a teacher's promotability by his capacity for writing what someone will publish: but there may be no skill less relevant to his ability to do what must be done in a classroom worth the trouble of attending. Students, for their part, are frequently responsive to facile lay preaching; which measures sometimes their gullibility, sometimes their understandable relief at having the silence of the library broken. The pall of officially sponsored devotion to print can be intolerably oppressive. The remedy for it is not lectures about Great Ideas but the restoration of the book to its role as party in a complex dialogue (not the Great Conversation on which Mr. Adler's epigons politely eavesdrop).

It seems worth while to locate precisely here the difficulty of training teachers in the humanities. Getting a Ph.D. is an inhumanly lonely process, culminating in a generally unreadable piece of writing. A man who has undergone this Dark Night is then expected to — what? Why, give vent to his learning in lectures; which is just what the student does not need, and might as well, if he should need it, receive on television. It is commonly, after the graduate school ordeal, only by strain, frustration, trial and error that the college teacher finds out what can be done in a classroom, and what he can do there, if he ever does find out. The initiation rituals of many tribes have lost all practical contact with the conditions of adult existence. The young bucks of Pentecost Island in the New Hebrides are reported to prove their manhood by leaping headfirst to earth from a 65-foot jungle tower. "The earth they dive into is pulverized and cleared of stones, but the main thing is the jungle vines attached to their ankles and the tower. They are measured exactly right to let the man's head hit the ground but stop him before his neck breaks." (*National Geographic,* January 1955, p. 77).

The University's existence would seem to be justified by a process, inviolable to television, which occupies the very heart of our continuing problem: how, in a milieu so rich in records, to transform letters into literacy, and literacy into civilization. The number of people talented, and required, to sustain this civilization is not, it can be argued, so large that colleges cannot admit them. The problem of "organizing brains to run a modern economy of abundance" is a different problem, no doubt googol-sized.

The googols? Why television, of course; and especially for such courses as elementary Russian and elementary physics. Though I should myself advise shirking the truly formidable problems of setting up TV curricula nationwide until I was satisfied that we had explored and exhausted the resources of an institution which already exists for the purpose of imparting instruction in such things as elementary French and elementary physics, and which has surely the traditions and resources to find means of coping with elementary Russian as well: I mean the high school.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

They Cry "Peace, Peace," When There is No Peace

THE COLD WAR is officially over. The President of the United States has grasped the hand of the Jailer of All the Russians in vows of friendship, and together they have issued a joint declaration of peace. The peace of the purge, the peace of the slave camp, the peace of the murder of nations receives the sanction of the United States.

Without the firing of a shot, we have suffered the greatest defeat in our history. By our recognition of the Communist tyranny as a legitimate and integral participant in the comity of civilized nations, we have surrendered our honor, betrayed our moral duty to the enslaved peoples of the world, and—the character of Communism being what it is—we have immensely assisted it on its road to world conquest.

This fateful step down the road to surrender is the consummation of a process that began in July at the time of the first session of the Geneva conference. There, in abjectly agreeing to discuss Khrushchev's brutal ultimatum on Berlin, the course was set. An immoral decision was taken—a decision springing from a deep illness of the American soul. As I wrote at that time in these pages:

"The issues of life and death come home in the end to nations as to the individual persons who make up nations. Since neither individuals nor nations can live forever, since there is a temporality about their fate that is beyond human control, the problem confronting them is not primarily whether they will live or die, but whether their mode of action is such that they comport themselves with honor and valor and virtue, whatever the outcome may be. The horror of life today is that the very meaning of these ends is almost forgotten. Therefore, the direction of American statecraft heads not toward heroic victory or tragic defeat, but toward a whimpering amalgam of farce and pathos."

The farce of Geneva has been followed inevitably by the pathetic spectacle of the President's invitation to Khrushchev and the *Bruderschaft* talks at Camp David. Unless a radical change in the inspiration of American foreign policy occurs—a change which will take a miracle of resolution on the part of the American people and a complete change of leadership to bring about—the Summit, the many Summits that follow will be successive steps upon the road to the death, "not with a bang, but a whimper," of the United States and of Western civilization.

MORE DRAMATICALLY than Geneva, than the Camp David talks, even than the future Summits, the triumphal tour of Nikita Khrushchev through the United States stands as symbol of the new age we are entering—the age of coexistence in which we fawn upon and adulate our executioner. For the first time in the history of the United States, a sworn and implacable enemy has been brought to our shores—and in objective historical terms, he has been brought here for one reason and one reason alone; to assuage him, to pay him blackmail, in the trembling hope that if we pretend that Hungary and East Germany and Berlin and the tens of millions of victims of Communist purge and forced starvation and slave camps do not exist and have never existed, we might avoid the necessity of acting like men, of standing against him, of risking war and death.

No one can say how far in this direction it was intended our retreat should go, once the decision was taken to negotiate with Khrushchev under his ultimatum and to invite him here. But after the key decision was made, everything else followed from the inner logic of the situation.

Consider the sequence of events. Those who understood the meaning of the visit spoke out. Mr. Robert Welch and the Committee Against Summit Entanglements, Freedom House, the Allen-Bradley Company, The International Rescue Committee spread calls to resistance across the pages of our newspapers. The Committee For Freedom For All Peoples, bringing together an incredible spectrum of Americans of all domestic political beliefs, organized its local committees throughout the country and spread its call for national mourning to press, radio and television, breaking through the miasma that preceded the visit.

And the American people in their good sense responded—in Washington and New York and Los Angeles Khrushchev was met with silence and hostility. Stung by his mass reception, by the sharp hostility of the leaders of American labor, by the pointed remarks of such men as Mayor Poulson of Los Angeles, Khrushchev was spoiling the design, revealing his true rocket-rattling, world-conquering identity.

Then the White House and the State Department swung into action. The press was dragooned. The notables who wined and dined him were persuaded to change their tune. A travesty of truth was hastily created to placate the tyrant once again. It is hard to see what underlying motive can explain this progressive placation on the part of the powers-that-be (and, it must be admitted, the receptivity of a large section of the American people to their urging), but ignoble fear.

TWO GENERATIONS of the relativist teaching that denies the existence of values transcending the temporal life of a man seem to have done their job. Ironic as it is that Camp David, where Eisenhower met in Munich-like negotiation with one tyrant, was the Shangri-La from which Roosevelt fought an earlier and punier tyrant, it is perhaps more ironic that it was a Communist and an atheist, La Pasionaria, who during the Spanish Civil War proclaimed, "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees," while we, the most powerful nation the world has produced, grovel in fear of death, "negotiating" with an enemy devoted to our destruction. And yet it is we, to whom eternal truth has been opened, who should—inspired by our tradition—be devoted to *his* destruction, not to slothful hopes of survival at any cost.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The New Deal Loses its Magic

As this department may need to explain from time to time for the benefit of late comers, the "here" in its title refers to the rather thoroughly scrambled, "mixed," or semi-socialistic economy that exists in the United States and elsewhere, while the "there" represents the hope for a return to individual and voluntarily cooperative ways of doing things. Writing on the subject from month to month, the author has surprised himself by finding his hopefulness steadily increasing. It seems to him that libertarians and conservatives are at last in position to strike some mighty blows in progressing toward "there."

The prime reason for hopefulness is that the New Deal, in receding into history, has lost its magic. Originally built on a loose farmer-labor alliance dominated by "planning" intellectuals, the New Deal party has lived to witness the enfeeblement of the Farm Bloc, the labor leader's loss of charisma (or, more popularly, sex appeal), and the tiredness or outright defection of formerly busy aspirants to the professional Brain Truster's role.

Once a relatively united group, the farmers are now bickering among themselves over the value of price supports. The Farm Bureau Federation has reverted to an old individualism; the Grange would like to revert to export debenture schemes reminiscent of the twenties. City Democrats, appalled at the billions needed to keep price supports going, can no longer be whipped into line to vote with their rural colleagues even when a bill has united farm sponsorship. Moreover, as the technological revolution in agriculture continues to have its way, the more efficient farmers are discovering they can dispense with costly farm labor. Their profits have been going up even where their gross income has been going down, a phenomenon which makes them less and less avid for government help particularly when it entails less freedom. As for the number of people now engaged in agriculture, they represent 11 per cent of the population. In 1910 farmers constituted 35 per cent of the population. Naturally, when a pressure group not only shrinks relatively but becomes divided internally, its representative politicians can no longer drum up effective coalitions. If taps are not quite in order for the Farm Bloc, its great days are certainly over.

Labor, at least the traditional blue collar variety, has, like the farmer, been shrinking because of technological—or "automation"—changes. And as the big industrial unions have been losing membership, the whole labor movement has discovered it is no longer sacrosanct with the intellectuals who set the sociological fashions. Even before the McClellan Committee had done its spade work the overblown character of labor rhetoric had offended those intellectuals who still maintained a sense of proportion. As for the report that Walter Reuther is now dallying with protective tariff ideas, it will, if it proves to be true, lose him the support of many academic economists, just as union support of inflationary spending has already resulted in the defection of intellectuals who live on fixed incomes. Finally, the unions must reckon with the fact that an entire generation has grown up that knows nothing about the days when the Yellow Dog contract was the rule and when steel towns were run by the Coal and Iron Police. For twenty-five years the industrialists have behaved themselves while it is the unions that have been guilty on occasion of hiring goons. Hence it is no longer possible for the unions to gain sympathy by pulling tearjerker acts; their claims of "wrongs" ring hollow simply because the supporting evidence dates all the way back to grandpa's day.

Looking about them for "causes," the Liberal intellectuals are forced back on such items as federal aid to education and socialized medicine. The trouble with these "causes" is that they must be financed by taxpayers who rebel at paying out more than a third of their income to support government projects. The income tax reaches far down into the pockets of the very middle classes who once rallied to the New Deal slogans. The attitude of the public to the current steel strike is symptomatic: people everywhere are becoming increasingly sophisticated about what menaces their purchasing power, whether it is taxes or monetary inflation or a wage-rise in a key industry that will ripple through the economy.

In the eighteen forties and fifties both the Whig and the Democratic parties found themselves in trouble because the issues of the day did not make for the success of clear-cut national coalitions of interests. There were "cotton" Whigs and there were "conscience" Whigs, which meant the Whig Party could not unite on the slavery problem. There were northern Democrats who wished to extend the area of free territory to give jobs to the new Irish and German immigrants and there were southern Democrats who wanted more room for slavery. Even in the rising Free Soil Party there were serious rifts in motivation: some Free Soilers welcomed a multiplication of free Negroes in the North, while others, hating the Negro as a possible economic competitor, wanted to cage him in the Old Cotton States south of the Ohio River and east of Texas. Precisely because the issues were so segmented, the politicians of the Whig-Democrat-Free Soil era fought many an obscure battle in a rather murky dark.

Today we are at the beginning of another murky era, which differs from that of the fifties in that it does not promise civil war. There will be overblown battles about civil rights that will halt progress in civil rights. There will be quarrels about who should pay for schools and roads, the locality or the federal government. Meanwhile, nobody will quite know what "Liberalism" is. This gives the conservative and the libertarian their chance: as federal politics becomes a teeter-totter affair, the conservative and the libertarian can go about their business of building voluntary associations to solve their problems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can a Little Magazine Break Even?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A report to our readers from the editor, attempting to answer some of the questions most frequently heard from them. And a look at inflation and its special effect on the "little magazines."

Inflation's contributions to cultural conformity are not widely dealt with, and certainly not widely understood. I confine myself here to the dilemma of the so-called "little magazine"—that is, the journal tailored to the tastes of the thinking few, rather than to a more general readership. Such a journal must depend, for its survival, on what the readers themselves will pay to gratify their interest—because the advertisers will not come in, in heavy enough numbers, to pick up the bill. We all know that inflation and high taxation have the effect of discouraging the cultivation of costly intellectual pursuits. But what exactly is the role of the advertiser?

"It is absolutely ridiculous," a publisher friend once told me, "for the *New York Times* to sell for only five cents. It ought to sell for a quarter!" Now my friend is not out to punish the readers of the *Times*, or at least not in this way. He speaks as a publisher, and he means that the extraordinary offer the *New York Times* (he is using it merely as a symbol—he might as well have mentioned the *Dallas News* or the *Chicago Tribune* or the *San Francisco Chronicle*) is able to make every day for a mere five cents, thanks to its advertisers, has the effect of conditioning the reader to living in a dream world, where reading matter is plucked off the trees, virtually free of charge. It is very hard, let's face it, while the *Times* costs five cents a copy and *Life* twenty-five, for *National Review* to charge thirty cents (divide $8.00 by 26 issues), let alone sixty cents—which is what we should be charging, given the costs of publishing, and what we *would* be charging if the average American reader were prepared to pay as much more, relatively, for periodical reading matter over the price in 1933, as he is prepared to pay, today, for a hamburger, or a movie, or an automobile, or a pencil.

That is the dilemma I speak of. When the cost of manufacturing goes up 10 per cent the mass periodical publisher seldom has to turn to his readers to demand a 10 per cent increase in the subscription rate. He turns, instead, to advertisers for an additional subsidy; and the advertisers absorb the increase as a cost of doing business, which is reflected, naturally, in the price of their products to the consumers. But the little magazine has no such buffer. Normal business enterprises turn immediately, as they must, to the consumers, to absorb an increase in the cost of production. But the consumers of periodical literature are accustomed to being heavily subsidized, and hence partially relieved, in a way in which the radio listener or television viewer is fully relieved, of personal obligation for the cost of production. The reader of *National Review* or the *New Leader* or the *Nation* is, with his left hand, buying *Life*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *New York Times;* or if not, he is in any case aware, consciously or semi-consciously, of their prices at the newsstand, and it is from them that he derives the standards of value by reference to which he passes judgment on the asking price of a "competitive" product. Although that reader has been realistic enough to permit a relative increase in the price of the "little" journal (the *New Republic* charges more than *Life*), the point of diminishing returns is soon reached, where the journal cannot afford to charge the readers more.

And that point is reached far this side of solvency. The result is an operating deficit. The cultural consequences would seem clear: most advertisers (I except the farsighted few) will support widely only magazines with a mass circulation. The publisher is at their mercy—in the sense that the advertisers are principally responsible for the psychology of periodical pricing: they set the limits beyond which subscription prices may not safely be set; and yet they will not extensively patronize journals written for the few; in *National Review's* case, not even those few who are doing the thinking necessary to preserve a climate of opinion within which business enterprise can survive.

That is what my friend was talking about. If the *New York Times*—and *Time*, and *Life*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*—were to let their prices keep pace with inflation, they would be charging two and three times what they do now, creating a price climate in which *National Review*—and the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, the *New Leader*, and the *Commonweal*, all of which are losing money—could increase substantially their subscription rates, thus making ends meet. In 1923, Albert Jay Nock's weekly *Freeman* sold at $6.00 per year. *National Review*, founded 32 years later, sells for $8.00 per year. In 1923 linotypists were paid $25 per week. Today they are paid $125. That is the measure of the problem I speak of.

Inside National Review

Consider the cost of publishing *National Review*—a cost which, as far as we can see, is irreducible so long as the magazine is to have its present appearance. I take the figures for 1958, and round them off to the nearest one thousand dollars.

In 1958, *National Review* did substantially better than in 1957, thanks to an increase in circulation, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

launching of the *National Review Bulletin*. Even so, our operating deficit was $136,000.

What does it take to put out a magazine like *National Review* (other, that is, than a good hold on the eternal verities)? Last year (the figures include three months of the *Bulletin*) *National Review* paid out $390,000; it took in (not counting gifts) $254,000.

With a circulation of 29,000, *National Review's* cost per subscription is therefore $13.45.

We published a total of 1,040 pages. Distributing the total cost evenly, we see that each page costs $375.

The editorial cost of the magazine is $96,000, or an average of $92 per page; 24.8 per cent of the total cost.

The printing cost (including paper) is an almost identical $95,000, an average of $91.50 per page; 24.3 per cent of the total.

The circulation and promotion cost is $75,000, an average of $72 per page; 19 per cent of the total.

The business and administrative costs are $123,000, $118 per page; 31.5 per cent of the total.

One can see that if *National Review* had merely to pay the people who write the words, and pay the printer to put those words on paper, we could get on with half the money we now need. But: who would read the manuscripts sent in, pay the postage to correspond with the writers, type the accepted manuscripts, make up the editorial pages, travel to the printer to oversee the operation, proofread, pay the artists and the engravers? Who would supply the mailing wrappers, pay for them, pay the postage, draft promotion mailings, print them, answer questions, service subscriber requests, change addresses? Who would answer the phone, examine the books, do the legal work, buy the office supplies, pay the rent, set publishing policy?

On the editorial side: Non-salaried writers for *National Review* receive a total of $28,000. They are paid at the rate of five cents per word ($50 per printed page), and a maximum of $150 per article. (The *Reporter* pays about nine cents; the *New Republic* and the *Nation* slightly less than *National Review*.) Salaried writers earn at rates ranging from a little more, to a little less, than the five-cent rate. Per year, $25,000 is paid to the nine people who contribute whole or part time to editorial chores, an average of $2,777. (The editor contributes his time.)

Under Business and Administration are included salaries for eight persons: the Publisher (who is also Business Manager), Assistant Publisher (who also serves as Promotion Manager), Office Manager, Bookkeeper, Production Editor, two stenographers and a telephone operator ($39,000); rent; payroll taxes; interest; legal and auditing expenses; insurance; postage for the *Magazine* and the *Bulletin;* and that whole array of individually small items that swell the general category of "overhead" — telephone and telegraph charges, dues and subscriptions, utilities, miscellaneous taxes, and the like.

Then and Now

The increase in the cost of publishing in recent years, over and above inflation, aggravates the special problems of the little magazines, to which I have already alluded. Consider the past twenty-five years: the contrast between the cost of publishing a magazine in 1958 and in 1933. In 1933, the *New Republic,* a magazine exactly comparable, with a circulation almost exactly equal to that of *National Review,* published 1,664 pages—at an average cost of $135 per page.[1] *Using 1933 dollars, National Review's* cost per page in 1958 was $156, suggesting that *National Review* is more extravagant. However, the cost of paper and print has inflated much faster than the dollar, offsetting the 15 per cent apparent difference in cost-per-page. The 1933 dollar had depreciated, in 1958, to 40 cents. But compared to 1933, a dollar would only buy you, in 1958, 32 cents worth of paper-and-print. This indicates that in terms of costs, the efficiency of *National Review,* as a publishing enterprise, is about equal to that of the *New Republic* in the early thirties, in the height of the Depression.

Now consider the income figures. In 1933 the *New Republic* took in $168,000 by selling its magazine at a base rate of $5.00 per year.

In 1958, *National Review* took in $211,000 by selling its magazine at a base rate of $8.00 per year. Even though, in 1958, one needs two and one-half times more than in 1933 to purchase the same goods and services, owing to the depreciated dollar, *National Review's* subscription rate is up not two and one-half times over the *New Republic's,* but up only 60 per cent. Now if *National Review* had received, in 1958, for each subscription, a sum of money with the purchasing power of five 1933 dollars (*i.e.,* if we had charged $12.50 per subscription), our subscription income would have amounted to $329,000 instead of $211,000; and our deficit of $135,000 would have been reduced by $118,000—leaving a net deficit of a relatively painless $19,000. In other words, if the reading public had allowed periodicals to keep pace with the rise in price of automobiles, rolls, dog collars, or cigarettes, publishers' hair would not turn white so early in life.

In spite of its relatively lower costs, the *New Republic* had in 1933 a deficit of $63,000. In 1958 dollars, that is a deficit of $157,000—or a greater deficit than *National Review's.* This would indicate superior relative efficiency by *National Review* in attracting non-subscription income, *e.g.,* through advertising.

Maybe Not Tomorrow

The question we most often hear at *National Review* is: "At what point do you break even?" That is not an easy question to answer, because relative costs change with an increase in volume, and advertising revenues also tend to increase.

But assuming income from sources other than subscriptions were to remain constant (our advertising income during 1958 was $29,000), and that the price of paper and print would not decrease substantially with higher print runs: assuming that, what would it take for *National Review* to break even?

What profit does *National Review* make from a single subscription? None, of course, if you count the overhead. But taking the overhead as a fixed cost, then how much? The answer is: it depends. It depends on how much money was spent in attracting the attention of the subscriber—on the so-called promotion

(*Continued on p. 407*)

[1]The figures for the *New Republic* are derived from the clear recollection of a former official of the magazine, for the period 1930-1935.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Educationist Power Elite

When I was in Indianapolis some months ago, my view of the Indiana Capitol was obstructed by a tall, expensive new office-building of glass and steel, right across the street from the Capitol, and blotting out the seat of the legislature from several angles. The new building is the headquarters of the Indiana teachers' association: the most powerful lobby in Indianapolis, and obviously the richest. Its overshadowing of the Indiana Capitol is sufficiently symbolic: for in Indiana, as in Washington and in nearly every state of the Union, the teachers' lobby is more powerful, better financed, and less scupulous than any other lobby. Even the great labor unions play second fiddle to the educationists. (In Washington, the National Education Association—which shouts angrily about teachers' poverty—recently dedicated its new NEA Center, "workshop, center and symbol," costing $8,250,000.)

So legislators must exercise some resolution if they decline to submit to the NEA and its state affiliates. Among many other elements of the alleged American "power elite" which Mr. C. Wright Mills fails to examine in his book of that title is the educationists' political machine. Although

Indiana is a state comparatively conservative, and formally opposes federal aid to education, still the Indiana legislature, last year, could not muster courage enough to pass a bill which would have reduced the number of courses in "Education" required for the certification of teachers. For the Indiana teachers' lobby, zealous to secure the educationists' stranglehold upon the schools, flung all its influence against the bill, reviling and ridiculing its authors.

The Senate of Michigan, however, growing weary of the educationists' tactics, is putting its back up. In this year's session, the Michigan Senate refused to pass a bill (known as K-12, and described earlier in this column) which would have given the state superintendent of public instruction dictatorial powers in the reorganization of school districts—a measure dear to the hearts of the educational totalists. Among the opponents of this measure was Senator Lynn Francis, of Midland, a lawyer. Senator Francis knows that a state legislator is a representative, not a delegate; and has a strong backbone.

Reply to a Constituent

I publish below extracts from a reply which Senator Francis wrote to an irate constituent, who apparently had been instigated by the Michigan Education Association lobby to demand that K-12 be passed without more ado.

> Dear Sir: . . .
>
> As you know, the Senate Republicans killed the K-12 bill which you so strongly supported—I, too, voted against the measure for the following reasons.
>
> The K-12 bill provides that all of Michigan's school districts either consolidate or annex to form larger districts.
>
> Should the local people fail to vote consolidation within a period of 36 months, then the Superintendent of Public Instruction would step in arbitrarily and force annexation and consolidation.
>
> This raises a serious question, should any public official be given the authority to override the will of the people? This means in effect, that the people's right to decide questions is taken away from them. . . .
>
> I am just not ready to grant such dictatorial powers to any one person. I still believe in the "old fashioned" philosophy that the people still have the Constitutional right to say how their schools should be run.
>
> You and I know that should the K-12 bill pass, the educators would immediately be after the legislature for an appropriation of three or four hundred million dollars to finance additional school construction.
>
> Then what happens? The educators will want an additional ten or fifteen million dollars each year to cover additional cost of transportation. . . .
>
> In school administration at several of the universities, they have investigated the power structure in education.
>
> The idea is for policies and procedures to be arrived at democratically within the system—yet as regards school district reorganization, these same people advocate taking the vote out of the hands of the people.
>
> To me this is not consistent reasoning and no matter how I look at it, I cannot go along with them.
>
> Because I am opposed to this bill, there are those who accuse me of being against education itself. This is a deduction of a confused mind.
>
> It is as though they accuse me of being opposed to religion because I am opposed to compulsory or state religion.
>
> It is as though they accuse me of being opposed to eating food, because I am opposed to crop controls.
>
> I believe it is true in almost every instance, that the larger the district the less interest the parents and taxpayers take in its affairs.
>
> A large school inevitably becomes a very impersonal and professionalized system in which the average parent or taxpayer has little voice and takes a minimum of interest.
>
> You see Mr. L———, it appears to me that your thinking is extremely liberal while mine is conservative.
>
> The people must make and have made a choice between those conflicting philosophies.
>
> Very truly yours,
> Lynn O. Francis
> State Senator

Senator Francis, you will perceive, is cogent and courageous. As more such voices are heard in the state legislatures, the educationist lobbies will be chastened.

With the Liberals among the educationists, as among twentieth-century Liberals generally, "Liberalism" has become anti-democratic, centralizing, and intolerant: the antithesis of the American political tradition, which Brownson called "territorial democracy." And some intelligent men of politics are aware—as is Dr. Jacques Barzun—of the totalitarian potential which lies just below the surface of the educationists' platitudes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Anatomy of Liberalism

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

"I think the attenuation of the early principles of this country has made America vulnerable to the most opportunistic ideology of the day, the strange and complex ideology of modern Liberalism. I think, moreover, that disordered and confused though it concededly is these days, conservatism is the only apparent rallying point."

With that straightforward statement of his thesis, having been eloquently introduced by John Dos Passos, William F. Buckley Jr. launches headlong into his new book, *Up from Liberalism* (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50). And in the course of the next 200 pages, he ably fulfills his two separate goals: first, to discredit doctrinaire Liberalism, and second, to plead the viability of enlightened conservatism.

Mr. Buckley is, of course, editor of NATIONAL REVIEW; and in publishing a favorable review of his own book in his own magazine, he suffers the same embarrassment that Norman Cousins, Ted Weeks, and the late Bernard DeVoto have suffered before him. It is small anguish. He will recover. Besides, the philosophic voice of experience raises a wry question: If a conservative magazine offers no kind word for a major conservative book, who will?

Who, indeed? And in this case especially, who indeed? To Mr. Buckley's documented charges, the upper-case Liberal has but one defense; it is the feeblest plea of all, *nolo contendere*. The Liberal critic, gazing uneasily at this outspoken work, seems likely to prove as mute as an unstrung fiddle.

Who can expect Mr. Archibald MacLeish, for example, to step forward at this late date and defend his "Clean Politics Appeal"? Many of us, embroiled in other battles, had clean forgotten that affair. One may imagine that Mr. MacLeish, a pious man, would like urgently to forget it, too.

Mr. Buckley will not let him forget. Here on page 44 is the text of the ad that Mr. MacLeish cooked up in 1956 with his fellow Litt.D., the late Elmer Davis, and three years later their joint effort exudes the same queasy smell. These Gold Dust twins of the Liberal left aimed to scrub out the careers of Herman Welker in Idaho and Everett Dirksen, in Illinois. This would have been fair game in itself, but Messrs. MacLeish and Davis brought to their task the morality of a pair of tomcats and the political ethics of two Tammany tigers. They implied, in unmistakable language, that the two Senators were the sort of Senators who would pay off their "fat cat" supporters with a "special subsidy, tariff or paving contract"—in brief, that the two Senators were parties to bribery and graft—and this dirty business they did in the name of "clean politics." Will any Liberal step up to justify their shabby conduct now?

> I will not willingly cede more power to anyone, not to the state, not to General Motors, not to the CIO. I will hoard my power like a miser, resisting every effort to drain it away from me. I will then use *my* power, as *I* see fit. I mean to live my life an obedient man, but obedient to God, subservient to the wisdom of my ancestors; never to the authority of political truths arrived at yesterday at the voting booth. That is a program of sorts, is it not? It is certainly program enough to keep conservatives busy, and Liberals at bay. And the nation free.
>
> WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.
> in *Up from Liberalism*

Or what Liberal reviewer will fairly treat the case of Paul Hughes? Mr. Buckley resurrects the hastily buried bones of the Hughes entanglement, and gives them another bulldog shaking. Hughes was the marvelous con man who gulled half a dozen high priests of the Liberal orthodoxy into paying him handsome sums drawn from their hoard of hatred for Joe McCarthy. He led them a wonderfully merry chase, and he made fools of the lot of them; but Hughes never quite succeeded in doing what Mr. Buckley does so effectively here. Mr. Buckley unfrocks them, and leaves them naked by their altars. But will Mr. Richard Rovere, say, respond to these rude recollections in the next *New Yorker*? Not so. Mr. Rovere recently produced a whole book about Joe McCarthy, without so much as a footnote for Paul Hughes.

So I would write of Mr. Buckley's book here. I count *Up from Liberalism* among the important books of this fall; and the book is a good book—good not merely in organization and content, but good also in quality of thought and quality of writing. Mr. Buckley has been courting the elusive nymph of *style*, and it has been a profitable wooing. Frequently he uncurls a sentence with the crackle of a bull-whip; he has an ear for words, for the musical syncopation of an epigrammatic phrase. When he writes of the Liberal who reaches conclusions "by a properly measured ascent up the ladder of generalization," he packs into a tight metaphor a hard wad of truth. Talking of the effete society of our "modulated age," in which the aim is "to more or less please more or less everybody," he comments that "etiquette is the first value only of the society that has no values." Throughout his book, he thrusts with the untipped foil of the skilled debater, the art of dialectics, and he advances on his foes with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soritical reasoning seldom encountered in a world not much wedded to logic.

The book is thus a joy to read, but there is more than this: It is a seminal book, a provocative book, an essay of both analysis and commentary. Mr. Buckley's first concern is the anatomy of Liberalism, its soft bones, its fatty tissues, the outward and visible signs by which the race may be recognized. Yet his pathology is not the stern lecture of the classroom, but rather the good-humored after-dinner talk of a man who undertakes without malice—without much malice, anyhow—to describe an interesting phenomenon.

THE PROFESSIONAL Liberal that emerges from Mr. Buckley's perceptive essay is in some respects a most attractive fellow: humane, compassionate, idealistic, generous, forgiving, literate. There is, on the surface, much to admire. On closer examination, this image begins to dissolve. Straight edges waver; solid words crumble. The same aims embrace one thing here, and another thing there. To the doctrinaire Liberal, nothing is more important than human rights: but what of the "right to work"? The orthodoxy is passionately concerned with defending democracy, but not with defending democracy in, say, Arkansas. Minorities must be protected, but not such minorities as non-union workers or eight southern states.

This inconsistency arises from the disorder of the abstractions that comprise the Liberal's faith, and from his insistence upon form at the expense of substance. "Democracy is virtuous." But when a democracy is encountered that plainly is not virtuous, the Liberal cannot imagine what is wrong. "The UN is the world's best hope for peace." "All atom testing should be forbidden at once." "Integration of public schools is a positive good." "Filibusters are iniquitous." "Federal aid to education must be supported." "Everyone has a right to social well-being." To these articles of religion, no heretical objections can be countenanced. And when it is suggested that the UN may have weaknesses, and that the Soviet government is not altogether trustworthy, and that certain dangers lurk in federal subsidy of education and the arts, the Liberal cannot pause to listen. He is late for the millennium, and must run.

So he strides along, this self-confident and impatient fellow, wearing moral uplift like a pair of Adler elevator shoes, taller and nobler and more virtuous than the erring sinners he would gently whip into line. Mr. Buckley paints him carefully and well.

Now, it is perfectly true, as Mr. Buckley emphasizes repeatedly, that a doctrinaire Conservatism also exists. The right wing abounds with grim ideologues, as irrationally opposed to any change as their opposite numbers are dedicated to any innovation. The conservative cause, no less than the Liberal cause, suffers from the unwillingness of some of its adherents to examine principles and adapt them to realities. Certain conservatives, like Pavlov's dogs, salivate as predictably as Liberals.

Yet these excesses and confusions of what may be termed the reactionary Right have no relation to the enlightened conservatism for which Mr. Buckley pleads. The doom-shouting conservatives, crying that catastrophe is just around the corner, set no policy lines, head no universities, run no book clubs. "That kind of conservatism is dead," says Mr. Buckley "and indeed deserves to be dead."

He urges instead the viability of a conservative philosophy which would resist the state's gradual accretion of power, and combat the individual's steady loss of freedom. Beyond these broad principles, Mr. Buckley does not attempt to go; his purpose is not to serve as chairman of a Platform Committee for a Conservative Party. "Freedom, individuality, the sense of community, the sanctity of the family, the supremacy of the conscience, the spiritual view of life"—these are the verities from which intelligent men may fashion "a conservative program that speaks to our time."

This is Mr. Buckley's appeal. Here he has taken his stand. And if his call can be heard, above the rhetorical bellows of the right and the shrill yells of the left, the legion of latent conservatives will rally to his cause.

Skill without Warmth

PETER CRUMPET

THE Elizabeth of Henri Troyat's new novel (*Elizabeth*, Simon and Schuster, $4.95) is the daughter of Amelie (*Amelie in Love* and *Amelie and Pierre*). She is ten years old when the story begins, and she is not yet eleven when it ends. There is in Elizabeth something of most other young girls in fiction. There is something of Colette's Claudine, if you like. And if you like, there is enough of any other real girl in Elizabeth to make Elizabeth a lot like any other real girl. In a mild sort of way, I do like.

I like *Elizabeth* (the book) principally because Troyat goes from cliché to cliché with unruffled calm, which is a test of the writer's truth. In spite of the unusual background of his heroine—the shell-shocked, incompetent father, the atmosphere of a Montmartre café existence that leaves the parents little time for their daughter—Elizabeth proceeds from one common little-girl misfortune to another, punctuated with the surprises and mystifications and glowing moments that are the substance of child-life. She is in bad health. She gets sent away to a forbidding school in the country. She finds herself unpopular. She discovers a friend. The friend catches cold. The friend dies. Sob. Elizabeth herself catches cold. Oh, no! She almost dies. She does not die. She emerges, instead, a heroine, and when she leaves the school she finds herself taken into the family of her mother's cousins and educated at the boys' school run by them. Here a series of other adventures begin, and we seem to be only halfway through the complications when the book ends.

This is the way it ought to end, because this is the way of a child's experience. There is no opening, and no middle, and no glorious climax or crashing defeat. There is Monday following Sunday; and dreams about becoming grown-up; and the thousand small absorptions that expand every

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment of a precocious and charming child's life with an inner vitality that is only dissipated when the child succumbs to the demands of nature and she finally does grow up. Troyat's imaginative powers reach into the bird-flutterings of a young girl's heart. He writes with admirable delicacy. His narrative power lies in making the abundance of these small details interesting to us, who have grown up already.

But there is a major fault in the book which Troyat must accept the responsibility for. Possibly because this is the third volume in a long series, Troyat does not carry the story through from the viewpoint of Elizabeth. There are interruptions which deal with the lives of his earlier heroine, Amelie, and of her exasperating husband and rapscallion brother. Unfortunately for *Elizabeth,* these interruptions are marvelously done. We quicken to them. Snatched from the life of the child, we enter the adult lives with a kind of relief, because there is an ordering power here, the liberty of action, physical and moral, which a child rarely enjoys. Besides, the problems are closer to us. Returning again to the little girl leaves us impatient. It takes us some pages to reinvest ourselves with Elizabeth's preoccupations.

We are also left confused when Amelie, visiting Elizabeth on a deathbed we know will not be a deathbed because there are so many pages left in the book, receives a letter from her husband, Pierre, that appears to indicate he has shaken off his apathy. This motif is never followed up. Not until some one hundred pages later do we learn, by the by, that nothing has changed at all, and Amelie is still burdened with a spiritually and physically impotent man. Pierre remains a shadow in her life, and a shadowy figure in our minds.

Also there is a major fault somebody ought to accept the responsibility for, but I am not at all sure it is Troyat. As Troyat is essentially dealing with the middle-class life of the most middle-class people in the world (oddly enough, also the most aristocratic), his book is chock-full of the little pomposities and absurdities inherent in the situation. Troyat pokes gentle fun at the conventions; some of them, such as the free-thinkingness of Elizabeth's parents and relations, he seems to approve. But even Troyat's barbs aren't lively enough to spare the reader the anguish of soul of wondering whether these people will ever, ever in their lives, sufficiently lose their complacency to suffer the anguish that gives the human soul character. All in all, Troyat takes us over ground with which we have been familiar since Flaubert. As with so many French novels, we can recognize the high level of skill displayed in this construction without being able to work up any great warmth. One tends to say, "Very good, that, you know," closing the book and forgetting about it. The authors aren't dull. It begins to appear that the people, or the civilization they represent, are dull.

For and Against "The Founder"

ELISEO VIVAS

As a child I often heard a Spanish proverb that translates as follows: "In the quarrels of the godparents the truth comes out." The proceedings of the second annual New York University Institute of Philosophy (*Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method, and Philosophy,* edited by Sidney Hook, New York University Press, $5.00) tell us as much about the psychoanalysts, the philosophers and the others who participated in it as they tell us about psychoanalysis, philosophy and science. Two subjects were

"The Founder": Sigmund Freud

discussed by the symposiasts: the first was the scientific status of psychoanalysis; and the other, Professor Lazerowitz's contention that the philosopher plays a deceptive game with language and that his theories are "the expression and gratification of needs buried deep in the mind."

The scientific claims of psychoanalysis were defended by Heinz Hartmann and a number of psychoanalysts and philosophers against an attack led by Professors Ernest Nagel and Sidney Hook. The attackers were not inquirers but prosecutors; and what is at least as lamentable, their familiarity with the subject matter they so ruthlessly disposed of was no handicap in their own eyes. It would seem that a man armed with a methodological tommy-gun need only have a superficial knowledge of psychoanalytic theory and its therapeutic practice to know that it is not scientific. He recognizes his target when he sees it, and isn't that all that is required in order to call oneself an empiricist?

"Off with his head!" cries the Queen, and one after another gardener is led off to decapitation. There is a difference, though. What the Queen ordered decapitated were playing cards; whereas these tommy-gunners are liquidating a serious intellectual discipline. Whether false or true, we shall not know until we ask ourselves with diffidence and humility—yes, both—whether it contributes to our *knowledge* of man. But for the methodolatrous scientistic philosophers there is no difference, of course, between knowledge and science.

However, while strictly within the context of the discussion those who defended psychoanalysis had the better of the argument, the argument cannot be considered won by them without qualification. And the reason is that the arguments the defenders urged in favor of Freud can be urged, or at least *prima facie* it seems they can be urged, to defend the doctrines of Adler, Jung, Rank, Sullivan and the rest of the Heretical Bishops.

Yet the doctrines of these heretics are logically incompatible in many important respects with the orthodoxy of The Founder. It is significant that in the index of this book one finds only three references to Jung and four to Adler, and when one turns to the text one finds that all of them were made *en passant.* Until the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

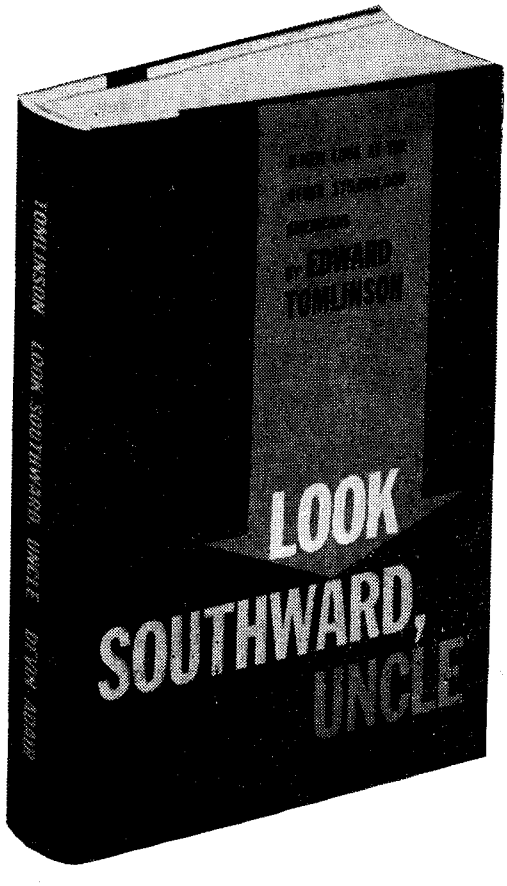
question is asked in diffidence and impartially as to whether, or to what extent, the arguments employed to defend Freud apply to those who disagree with him, the scientific status of Freudian theory (using the term "science" in the narrow sense employed by the largest number of the symposiasts) must remain an open question. Whether that question could be argued with profit today is doubtful. Between the partisans of The Founder and the partisans of the Heretical Bishops there is as much animus today as there ever was.

But why, aside from such external and irrelevant factors as the desire to gain for it the prestige that science enjoys today, is it necessary to defend Freudian theory as science? Why do not those who take Freudian theory seriously grant that it is not science—in the narrow meaning of the term—although it is knowledge? By and large the assumption that governed the discussion of the participants in the Institute was that psychoanalysis must be either science or mythology—which the symposiasts used, if I gathered it correctly, as a polite synonym for nonsense. The answer to this question is that the symposiasts are, with few exceptions, either overt or crypto-positivists, in the sense that all accept the dichotomy: either science (which is knowledge) or mythology (which is nonsense).

But if the dichotomy is accepted, what can we say of the discussion carried on by the symposiasts—was their discussion science? Ah no, it was philosophy. And it certainly does not take Macaulay's schoolboy brought up to date to know that positivists recognize philosophy as a legitimate activity. Not metaphysics, of course—that, we know, is nonsense; or, on Lazerowitz's thesis, wish-fulfillment. No, philosophy is something else: it undertakes the clarification of discourse. This gambit, then, will not work: there is science or knowledge and philosophy or clarification. But note, clarification is clarification of subject matter that is either scientific or susceptible of becoming scientific; and the latter includes the subject matter of the protosciences and of common sense. The rest is metaphysics, or mythology, or nonsense. And if you want to complete the list, add "or poetry." And the latter we leave to The New Critics. Enough said. And this, mind you, is the philosophy that is going to lead us to Heaven on Earth!

What must be said of Lazerowitz's thesis, that philosophers—*metaphysicians*, I imagine he would insist on, since he is a philosopher and he takes his own thesis seriously—do not really mean what they assert but they assert it in order to find gratification for needs buried deeply in the mind?

No doubt philosophers, including the ideal language boys and the ordinary boys, like artists and priests and witch-doctors—but excluding of course, as Rabelais would insist, women and children—no doubt these folk are motivated by the queerest and most disreputable motives when they say the strange things they say. No doubt when Bradley spoke of the Absolute—with capitals, yet—his talk gushed forth from the unsatisfactoriness of his life, which is of course clearly connected with his sexual repression—for Philosopher Lazerowitz



The Case for Private Enterprise in Latin America

This book by Edward Tomlinson, brilliant veteran Scripps-Howard correspondent, opens the doors to every facet of life and living in Latin America—geography, economics, culture, racial diversity and politics. It shows what makes our neighbors tick—why students agitate, why there are dictators and revolutions. It describes the resurgence of religion, the constant struggle for freedom, the renaissance of culture, and presents a formula on how to get along if you decide to live there.

"It would be difficult to think of a question, however involved, that is not answered dispassionately and convincingly in *Look Southward, Uncle*."
—New York *World Telegram & The Sun*

"Among other things, well documented chapters on Communism, excellent pages on the labor movement in Latin America, meaty chapters on the era of dictatorships, economic evaluations, a tracing of political trends, dips into history and anthropology—valuable geographic perspectives, and flashes of humor."
—*The Christian Science Monitor*

"Crammed with basic information—it will be a source of valuable information for years to come."
—Washington *Daily News*

"No single book on Latin America has so much current information."
—New York *Times Book Review*

Published by DEVIN-ADAIR

PRICE $6.00 ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

The Devin-Adair Co., Publishers, 23 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Please send me ..... copies of *Look Southward, Uncle* by Edward Tomlinson at $6.00 per copy. I enclose $.....
Name .....
Address .....
(Please add 3% sales tax in N.Y.C.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tells us so. But what I do not get, try as hard as I may, is this: what have Bradley's motives, disreputable as they may have been, to do with the *truth* of what he said? The answer to this question, I fear, is identical to the reply given by Doctor Johnson to the young man who said, "Sir, I do not understand." Replied the Ponderous Old Bear: "Sir, I cannot give you understanding."

This much, however, must be said in favor of Lazerowitz's thesis: it was high time someone put it forth. We know that artists have been catching it from psychoanalysts for some time. Look at what they have done to Kafka. It is time philosophers were taken seriously and got psychoanalyzed. I am all for it.

LET ME END with two observations: the first is that the efforts to defend or attack Freud because he is or is not a scientist, of which there have been quite a number during the last few years, are dogmatic and *a priori* if the defender or attacker starts, as the contributors of this book for the most part did, with rigid ready-made notions of what science is. This, as Professor Demos said to Nagel, is Platonism, and I would add, the worst kind of Platonism possible. The second is that I have long been convinced that "Freud"—which includes, of course, much more than The Founder and his partisans would accept—poses tremendous and radical problems for philosophers. Depth psychology may not be science. But it is here with us, and looms large, and we cannot ignore it. Much less can we get rid of it by liquidating it with methodological tommy-guns. But is was only yesterday or the day before—with the exception of E. B. Holt—that American philosophers began to take it seriously. When they do, they will be forced to rewrite their ethical theories and much else.

It may of course be that depth-psychology is fated to go the way of phrenology. In 1899 the great Alfred Russell Wallace published a book entitled *The Wonderful Century, Its Successes and Its Failures.* It is one of my most prized possessions, and one of my favorite chapters is Chapter XVI, entitled "The Neglect of Phrenology." I wish I could quote a few pages from it. A few lines will have to do: "It thus appears that the five main contentions of the phrenologists, each of them strenuously denied, have now received the assent of the most advanced modern physiologists." (p. 192). It is most sobering. Nagel and Hook *may be right.* However, if they are, it will be because they guessed right. For at the moment we are in no position to say whether psychoanalysis is science, knowledge or mythology.

Any book reviewed in this Book Section (or any other current book) supplied by return mail. You pay only the bookstore price. We pay the postage anywhere in the world. Catalogue on request.

THE BOOKMAILER

Box 101, New York 16, N.Y.

The Complete Bookstore-by-Mail Service representing all U.S. publishers

Movies

The Blue Angel—Then and Now

FRANCIS RUSSELL

IT IS twenty-eight years since I saw *Der Blaue Engel* and I am always a little surprised how well I remember it. Then at the age of twenty I was supposed to be spending a year at the University of Grenoble, but sometimes I would sneak off on the overnight train to Paris to see my friend Hans Stuck. Hans, who came from Berlin, was studying at the Sorbonne. I used to stay at his hotel, an ammoniacal fleabag near the Luxembourg Gardens called the Hotel D'Athènes. Until I met him the summer before, I had never heard of Marlene Dietrich. Hans spoke of her with awe. Back in Berlin he used to save up for months so that he could go to the café where she appeared and listen to those songs of hers that were like a mating call—"Johnny," "Peter," *"Allein in Einer Grossen Stadt."* For my education he took me that week-end, Dutch treat, to a luxury cinema off the Champs Elysées where *L'Ange Bleu* was playing in German with French subtitles. I believe there was a current English version too but I never saw it.

That original *Blue Angel* adapted by Carl Zuckmayer from *Der Professor Unrat,* Heinrich Mann's study of obsessive degradation, was an effective simplification of the book that moved to its conclusion with the finality of a Greek tragedy played in a meat-packing plant. Yet, ham that the late Emil Jannings was in the role of the doomed professor, he was a ham of gigantic stature. Even to the way he blew his nose. And of course there was the nonpareil temptress, Marlene Dietrich, plump, raucous, as yet unstreamlined. With spangled topper aslant her head, leaning back to display her frilly *cache-sexe* and black garters, dimpled and pouting as she sang "Falling in Love Again," she was the eternally desirable trollop. Even the background music of Friedrich Hollaender's Jazzharmonic Orchestra had a haunting decadence of its own. German jazz of the late twenties was unique.

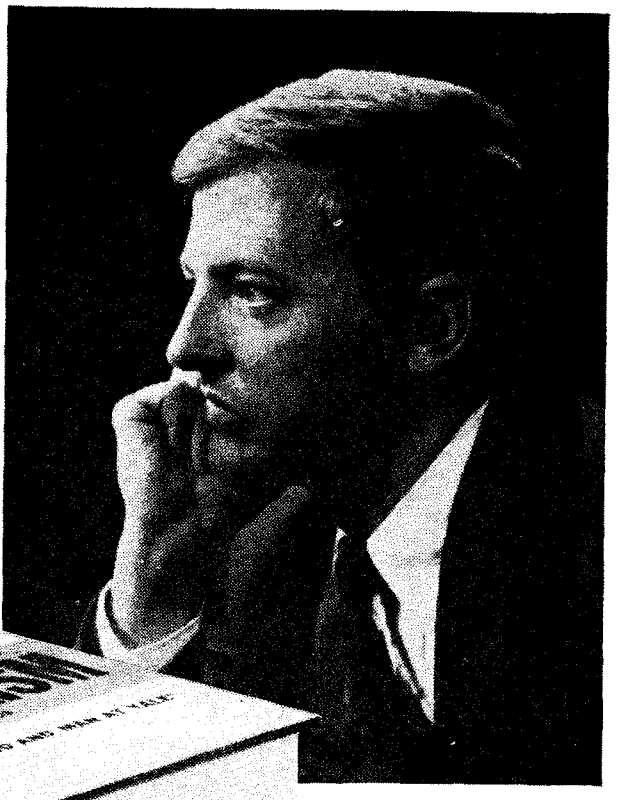
Filmed in the Weimar Republic's dying years, *Der Blaue Engel* absorbed enough of its atmosphere to become a symbol. Emil Jannings as Professor Rath was a survival from the Kaiser's time and the Kaiser's discipline. Only the broken twenties could have produced his lecherously precocious students. Marlene-Lola was the time-spirit in the flesh. As in Mann's book the background was Hamburg's Pauli, the mist-streaked alleys echoing the sound of foghorns, until the camera focused in the smoky dive that was the Blue Angel. One could sense the coming fall of the republic in that sleazy cellar café. It was a wonderfully rotten film. The society that produced it obviously contained the seeds of its own destruction.

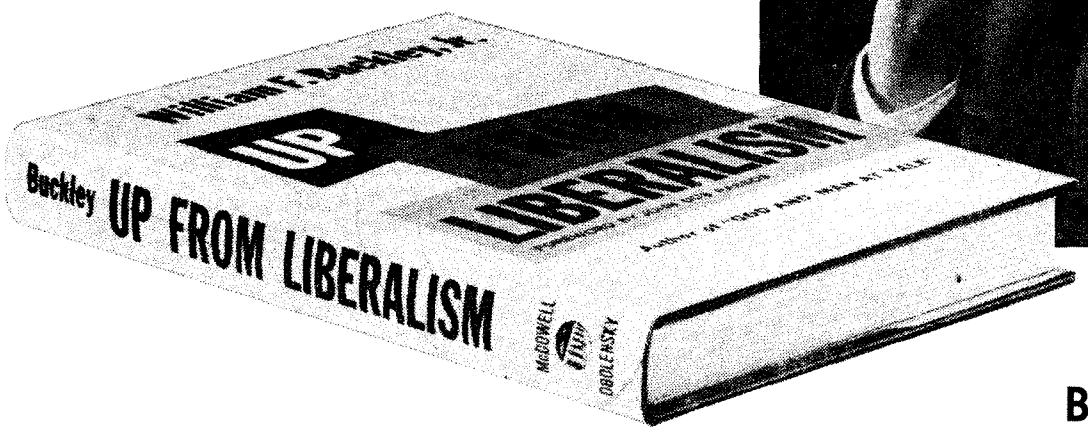
THE NEW American version of *The Blue Angel* is set in present-day Bavaria, both time and location draining the picture of any significance. Technicolor, the wide screen, enough stereophonic sound to knock the audience out of its seats, even May Britt's bangs are not enough. Some of the outdoor scenes—of inappropriate spaciousness—were actually filmed in Germany. But the interiors have all too obviously been shot in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fabian Bachrach

A ringing statement of the case for Conservatism





WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, Jr., in his newest book, challenges the Liberals with forceful and original arguments

Up from Liberalism

by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, Jr.

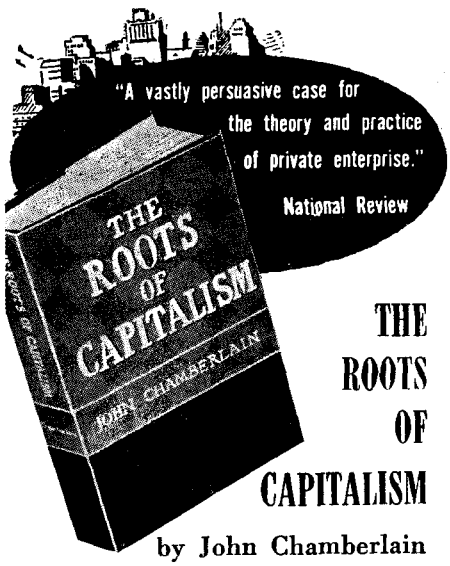
author of God and Man at Yale

Foreword by JOHN DOS PASSOS

At all bookstores $3.50

McDOWELL, OBOLENSKY INC.
New York 21, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


"A vastly persuasive case for the theory and practice of private enterprise."
National Review
THE ROOTS OF CAPITALISM
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE ROOTS OF CAPITALISM

by John Chamberlain

Here is a book for all who would preserve, protect and enrich those freedoms that have made our country uniquely successful. John Chamberlain, critic, journalist and editor, is well known for his articles on business and economics. In this fast-paced provocative survey, he looks at the ideas, the people and the times that created American capitalism. He reveals the weakness of those who theorize about planned or dictatorial economic systems, and covers inventions and technological improvements that are often disruptive factors in the economy. In the tradition of our free society, he provides an impressive dialectic for capitalists.

232 pp. $5.50

What other leading reviewers are saying:

"It is . . . cause for rejoicing when a vigorous author like John Chamberlain appears on the scene with a wide-ranging, incisive, scholarly and most readable . . new book. ."

Lawrence Fertig, N.Y. World Telegram and Sun

". . . a needed and coherent account of the nature of the American system."

Wall Street Journal

". . . a notable contribution to the cause of economic freedom."

Barron's

". . . a brilliant tract championing the cause of Capitalism. . ."

Houston Chronicle

"The author equates the free-enterprise system with innovation, invention, daring and imagination. . ."

New Yorker

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc.
120 Alexander Street Dept. NRC
Princeton, New Jersey

Send me for ten days free examination THE ROOTS OF CAPITALISM by John Chamberlain. Within 10 days I will remit purchase price of $5.50 plus small delivery cost or return book and owe nothing.

Name .....

Adress .....

City .....Zone ... State .....

SAVE! Remit with order and we pay delivery cost. Same return guarantee.

Hollywood. Professor Rath's *oberprimaners* are really seniors from South Los Angeles High School who might have been suitable enough as extras in some Blackboard Jungle film but who have no conception of how students in a German Gymnasium would appear or act.

Curt Jurgens, playing Emil Jannings' role, has obviously been studying the archives. With modest restraint he has followed the original, merely toning down some of the old Swift-premium gestures. Even to the way he blows his nose. Yet his total effect is wooden. For all his posturings Emil Jannings managed to convince. Curt Jurgens does not.

Nostalgically, one is tempted to think that no one could equal the original Marlene-Lola as she was before the Hollywood backroom boys took her in hand, trimmed thirty pounds off her, shaved her eyebrows and made her a mystery woman. (Does anyone now remember the subsequent American clinkers beginning with *The Blonde Venus?*) Yet May Britt as the Mark II Lola, facing that impossible task with a picture falling apart from its lack of direction, comes close to passing the test. Cast in the original production I think she might have out-Lolaed Marlene, if one can judge by the way she sings the familiar "Falling in Love Again." The other Hollaender songs, *"Gib Mir Einen Mann," "Nimm Dich in Acht vor Blonden Frauen"* have vanished. "Lola Lola" is a new and quite sprightly version of *"Die Fesche Lola."*

Where *Der Blaue Engel* was implicit, *The Blue Angel* explains. Not only is Professor Rath shown on his way down the ladder from Gymnasium teacher to cabaret clown, but the rungs are numbered. The director has even managed to tack on a hopeful if not exactly happy ending just so that no one will go away mad. From time to time *Der Blaue Engel* is still revived at the little art theaters. After *The Blue Angel* has hit the drive-in circuit it will go the way of *The Blonde Venus.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RISE OF THE MERITOCRACY, by Michael Young (Random House, $3.50). This mildly amusing satire purports to be a sociological "study" made in England in 2034. The Socialists of 1945-1970, eager to destroy all superiority but too stupid to see that "equality of opportunity meant equality of opportunity to be unequal," supported a vastly augmented school system in which all children (who were, of course, paid a salary by the State) received an education directly proportional to their IQ and their willingness to use their brains. Soon every individual was assigned to a place in agriculture, industry, or government corresponding to the rating of his intelligence as determined by comparison with a computing machine built to have an IQ of exactly 100. The new aristocracy inevitably rediscovered some of the facts of life, including the basic one that no decent society is possible without a servant class, and eventually it proposed to make its status hereditary. But as the book ends, the regime of merit is threatened by riots to which the stolid workers are incited by excited ladies. The point (if I have not mistaken the dubious flavor of Mr. Young's weak tea) is that even in a "meritocracy" the upper classes will include neurotic females who suffer from a kind of psychic impetigo, an itch for Social Reform.

R. P. OLIVER

GLOBE AND HEMISPHERE, by J. Fred Rippy (Regnery, $6.00). This book belongs to a rare species that you've got to watch closely to spot these days: the international affairs monograph that is marked from beak to tail by accurate, relevant and important facts. The title, actually, is misleading. Professor Rippy has not written a portentous tome on the Great Global Issues. Though he has some sensible suggestions to make about global and hemispheric problems, he does not pretend to solve All, or even that All can be solved. But his readers will learn a lot about Latin America and our relations thereto, not by ritual generalizations but through the specific, annotated and often amusing accounts of such matters as the Inter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Highway, rubber planting, canal zones, yesterday's bond-selling and today's mutual aid.

J. BURNHAM

THE NATURE OF MAN AND HIS GOVERNMENT, by Robert LeFevre (Caxton, $1.00). While millions of words are being wasted on the *status* of freedom, LeFevre puts first things first and dissects the *nature* of freedom. He equates freedom with life itself and curtailment of freedom becomes, therefore, tantamount to the taking of life. The crucial question today is the relationship between man and the State. LeFevre examines each and puts them in proper perspective to each other. The fact that its brevity classifies his work as a pamphlet does not lessen its value. LeFevre writes bone lean.

R. ALEXANDER

KINGS WITHOUT THRONES, by Geoffrey Bocca (Dial Press, $6.00). Up to 1914, royalty ruled Europe. But the first Great War chased six kings and four emperors from their thrones; and the second war all but completed the ruination of monarchy. Mr. Bocca gives us a sympathetic account of the pretenders to these lost thrones: of their personalities and their dreams. The flotsam and jetsam of democracy's tidal wave, banished from ancestral homes, these princes huddle in modest villas, endlessly meditating upon restoration. Although royalty has its dead-beatniks, the reader may be surprised to learn how shrewd and intelligent are the majority, and to what extent they have resurrected the prestige and influence of their houses. Bocca sees restoration all but certain in Spain, probable in Portugal, and even, with de Gaulle's return to power, a possibility in arch-republican France. And a neutral, politically stagnant Austria may make Otto of Hapsburg president if not king. The ascendancy of fickle Demos has led to chronic instability. Monarchy symbolizes the needed continuity, and reasonable men may yet change new deals for old.

J. P. MC FADDEN

Modern Age stimulates discussion

of the crucial moral, social, political, economic, and literary questions of the hour and searches for means by which the legacy of our civilization may be kept safe.

"speaks out forthrightly"
—*London Times*

Modern Age: A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW

Quarterly $4.00 the year

Write to:
64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

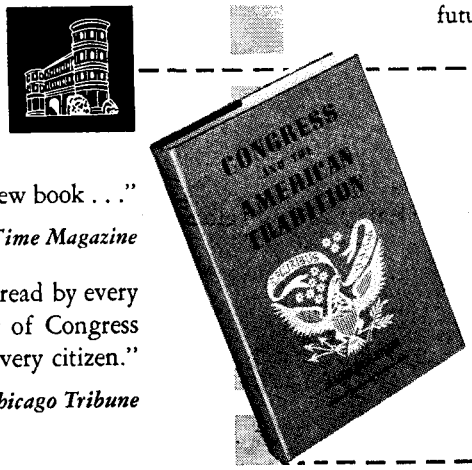
Announcing a change in publication
of
"THE JOHN FRANKLIN LETTERS"
This book was to have been published
in
1 9 8 9
We will publish it, instead
on
23 November 1959
The Bookmailer Inc.

The author of the "Managerial Revolution" considers the weakening of Congressional Powers and its effect

Congress and the American Tradition

by James Burnham

"If Congress ceases to be an actively functioning political institution, then political liberty in the United States will soon come to an end," writes this distinguished author on political philosophy.
Part I of *Congress and the American Tradition* provides a classic exposition of the original principles of American government.
Part II is a reasoned, dispassionate assessment of the present position of Congress. Part III is a realistic evaluation of the future of Congress. $6.50



"A bracing new book . . ."
Time Magazine

"It ought to be read by every member of Congress and by every citizen."
Chicago Tribune

At Your Bookstore . . . Or Mail Coupon

HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
14 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois

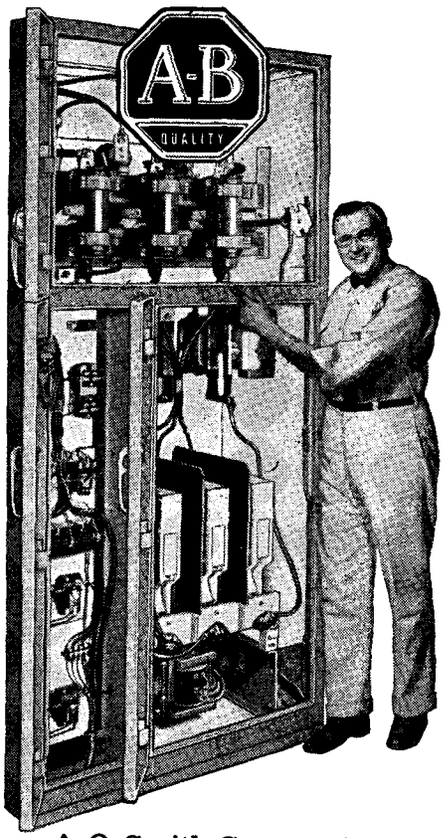
Gentlemen: Please send me_____copy(s) of *Congress and the American Tradition* @ $6.50 ea. p.p. Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐.

My Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A. O. Smith Corporation maintenance records prove

Allen-Bradley High Voltage Starters paid for themselves!

The first of twenty A-B high voltage starters has made over 400,000 operations—with absolutely no maintenance.

Compressing pipe to the proper diameter in the A. O. Smith plant has always been a "brutal" job. But since these modern Allen-Bradley high voltage air break starters have been installed, they have actually "paid for themselves" out of the savings in maintenance, formerly necessary.

A-B high voltage air break starters have the same solenoid contactor design—with only ONE moving part—that provides *millions* of trouble free operations in A-B low voltage starters. Let us send you Publication 6080. Specify these starters for your next high voltage installation.

Allen-Bradley Co.
1350 S. Second St., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Member of NEMA
Quality Motor Control

To the Editor

A Conservative Protest

Your edition of September 12 pleased me very much, especially Mr. Evans' "The Anatomy of a Murder." I am in complete sympathy with his frustration over the ease with which the psychologists of the Establishment control the political behavior of conservatives.

All is not lost, however. There are two factors which are conducive to the present bland reaction of conservatives: 1) They are eating comparatively high on the hog; and 2) the stimulus employed has not been physically unpleasant. Either or both of these factors could change radically overnight.

For example, Ike, on September 9, told delegates from the National Council of Churches of Christ that the American people are woefully ignorant of the international facts of life. The cognoscenti must act. ". . . so there has to be education, sometimes almost spoon-fed, and probably with the aid of a hammer."

Spoon-feeding with the aid of a hammer sounds like a frightfully unpleasant process, and well calculated to get conservatives off their fundaments in violent protest.

Los Angeles, Cal. WILLIAM F. MAHER

A Word on Lubin

Congratulations, long, loud and sincere, on your September 12 issue.

But may I add a few words to the article on page 316 on one Isador Lubin? You failed to mention that "High-Caliber" Lubin was at one time, under the Truman mis-Administration, U.S. delegate to the Economic and Social Council. I saw him in action in that capacity in Geneva, Switzerland, where I was the Delegate of the Holy See to the UN.

During one session, the spokesman for Moscow, who was the "Hon." Katz-Suchy of Poland, delivered the usual diatribe against the U.S. . . . Mr. Lubin, lost in the depths of the oversized chair he occupied, raised his hand and said: "Mr. Chairman, the delegate of Poland reminds me of an American poet who said something like this: 'He protests a whole lot.'"

Whereupon, up went the Polish hand and, in perfect English, he said: "Mr. Chairman, may I remind the U.S. Delegate that it was not an American poet, but an English one whose name was Shakespeare, and the correct quotation is as follows . . ."

And American prestige went down that day in the galleries, a few more degrees.

REV. EDWARD J. KILLION
Greenwich, Conn.

Kudos for Young Writers

Please thank Peter Crumpet for an extremely entertaining article in the September 12 issue. Brilliant satire on the wrong tactics of both right and left.

Also please thank John Leonard for his well put comments in "The Ivory Tower." His statement "Art-by-citadel won't work," is right to the point.

Los Angeles, Cal. J. TED DAVIS

More Gory Details

I beg to differ with Anthony Lejeune [August 29]. His Fleet Street story has been printed in England—but not by a national paper. I refer to the August and September issues of *The Intelligence Digest* which contain more gory details of the strike than your London contributor revealed in his article.

LOUIS T. LEONOWENS
Barberena, Guatemala

Mr. Kreuttner's Cartoon

The story is told graphically and completely on the cover of the September 26 issue. Congratulations.

New York City FRANK J. GALLAGHER

Theological Question

In the August 15 issue, J. D. Futch wrote, ". . . the Christians called the Church into existence." This is a clear theological error. Christ, who was divine, founded the Church. His followers did not. And this important point makes all the difference in the world. For the Church is not of human (as the Futch statement reads), but of divine origin.

Davenport, Iowa KEVIN COUGHLIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Khrushchev

Thank you for printing "The Damage We have Done to Ourselves" [September 26]. Not only have you been able to make my mind understand more clearly why my heart was so bitterly opposed to Khrushchev's visit; but you have given me more fuel for the fire I keep trying to light under some of my associates. If it doesn't ignite soon, I'll simply have to remove myself from their presence, but it's hard to find enough conservatives to go around for conversation, and I keep thinking "Where there's life there's hope!"

Thanks, too, for the wonderful issue of September 12. Imagine having that many keen, young minds at your disposal! Gives me hope for this generation. Peter Crumpet's "The Dirty Plot" was superb, as his articles always are. Since I'm old enough to be his mother, I can be downright homey and say that that boy's sense of humor, and devotion to the right kind of thinking, make me want to give him a big hug!

Keep up the good work—please!

Lincolnwood, Ill. MRS. HOWARD O. OLSEN

Now I know why it's called the Red carpet!

Santa Ana, Cal. PEGGY K. WALKER

The black-edged copy of NATIONAL REVIEW matched the shadow of disgrace hanging over the country we love. It still seems incredible that the arch-enemy of this nation could have been allowed to even set foot upon its soil. This man who holds captive

Yes, you can get it!

In response to the hundreds of requests for Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s remarks at the Khrushchev Protest Rally at Carnegie Hall, National Review will reprint a limited number of copies, complete with the National Review cover-cartoon, "One World," by John D. Kreuttner. Just the thing to send to Congressmen, friends, and . . . Liberals! Order your copy TODAY, while the supply lasts! Address:

National Review, Dept. B
150 East 35 St.
New York 16, N.Y.

Special prices (this reprint only): 15¢ each; 10 for $1.00, 100 for $5.00

You Are Invited to Attend

THE INDEPENDENT AMERICAN FORUM and NEW PARTY RALLY DAY

October 23-24, 1959 — **Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill.**

Sponsored by THE INDEPENDENT AMERICAN, A National Conservative Political Action Newspaper

Friday, October 23 — **The Independent American Forum** — Banquet 7 P.M.

The Master of Ceremonies will be
CLAYTON RAND, noted American humorist

ROBERT WELCH

ROBERT WELCH, Publisher of AMERICAN OPINION magazine, former Vice-President National Association of Manufacturers; nationally recognized industrial and civic leader. Chairman, Committee Against Summit Entanglements. Mr. Welch's talk: "A Counter-Attack against Collectivism."

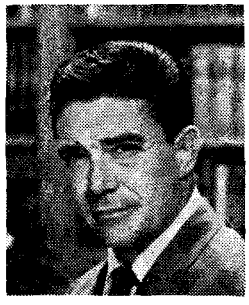
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR., Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW and National Review Bulletin; founder of the National Review Forums; author of "God and Man at Yale" and "Up from Liberalism"; co-author of "McCarthy and His Enemies." Mr. Buckley's talk: "Up from Liberalism."

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Saturday, October 24 — **NEW PARTY RALLY** — 7 P.M.

Patriotic Band Music

Roll Call of the States — **March of the Flags**



DAN SMOOT

DAN SMOOT, former F.B.I. Agent, nationally known radio and TV news analyst, and publisher of the DAN SMOOT REPORT, will speak on the subject: "America Needs a New Political Party."

J. BRACKEN LEE, former Governor of Utah, National Chairman of FOR AMERICA, and publisher of THE AMERICAN STATESMAN, has been speaking before audiences all over the United States for the past several years. America's best known Conservative will issue a "Challenge to Patriots."

J. BRACKEN LEE

PARTICIPATION COUPON

Mail to:

THE INDEPENDENT AMERICAN
P.O. Box 4223
New Orleans 18, La.

Yes, I plan to attend. ☐ Please send me full information about the other speakers and luncheons scheduled during this two-day Convention. ☐

I also wish to subscribe to THE INDEPENDENT AMERICAN newspaper, which will keep me posted on fast-moving new party developments and which is sponsoring this Convention of Conservatives. I enclose $1.00 for a four-month trial subscription.

. . . . . Name

. . . . . Address

. . . . . City and State

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many of our Air Force soldiers, who many times ordered shot down unarmed American planes, who refuses to release from prisons and slave-labor camps U.S. citizens, who scoffs at God, was honored. The pictures of our elected officials bowing and smiling to this monster were a terrible spectacle.

The disgrace of K's tour will be exceeded by the President's fear-imposed visit to the USSR. . . .

Colfax, Wash. E. DOSCH

Inflation and the Stockholder

Perhaps in your columns some one would write a few lines to explain why no "investigator" or "fact finder" ever mentions the welfare of the stockholders, who at times of labor strife always get the worst of the bargain. The stockholders are the real employers of labor. In most corporations they number two or more times the employees. Also many of them are in the class of "dependents," relying for their living upon the income from their savings. A vast percentage are women. A great percentage are old people. . . .

Can anything be done for old persons who in their working years provided for their future welfare and comfort, only to have the workers grab the advances in wages?

New York City JONATHAN JACKSON

Correction

In reading "For the Record" in your issue of September 12 I find you have said the sponsor of the protest rally in Connie Mack Stadium was the National Association of Christian Churches. The sponsor was the American Council of Christian Churches. Also the American Council of Christian Churches is giving out the buttons and not the National Council of Churches as stated. . . .

The leaders of the National Council of Churches are the members of the committee who met for the Fifth World Order Study Conference and recommended recognition of Red China and that she be admitted to the UN. . . .

Tacoma, Wash. EOLA CHANDLER

D. W. RICH
& COMPANY
Incorporated

Dealers in

U.S. Treasury Securities

25 Broad Street

New York 4, New York

Telephone: DIgby 4-3151

Teletype: NY 1-4466

Free to WRITERS
seeking a book publisher

Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. NN

Exposition Press, 386 4th Ave., N. Y. 16

Whether Your Investment Funds
Are Large or Small
Norvin R. Greene, Author of The Investor Page
of the National Review Bulletin
Offers You Counsel

Lancaster & Norvin Greene
Investment Counsellors

30 Broad Street New York 4, N.Y.

TRAVEL, ANYONE?

. . . why not arrange your trip the way other National Review readers (and editors) do—let Margaret Cone make all your reservations—ship, plane, hotel—anything! For world-wide service and satisfaction, contact

MARGARET CONE TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. R-1, 520 Fifth Ave.
New York 36, N.Y.
Tel. OXford 7-0796

CLASSIFIED

NATIONAL REVIEW *accepts classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature.* NATIONAL REVIEW *reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words; 30¢ per word for 25 or more insertions per year. If a box number is desired, count two extra words. Text, accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 17 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at* NATIONAL REVIEW *will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept.,* NATIONAL REVIEW *150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.*

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS: Free search service for elusive books. Lists on special subjects issued regularly. Edith Hall, 278 Eagle Rock Avenue, Roseland, N.J.

SALE: 78 R.P.M. Recordings. Free lists. Collections bought. Post Office Box 155 (NR), Verona, N.J.

ECCLESIASTICUS xxxiv, 7-13, Boston area. Available now. Write Box 201, c/o *National Review.*

COATS-OF-ARMS, Made-to-Order, Paintings or Plaques. (COLOR SKETCH or PHOTOSTAT, DESCRIPTION and AUTHENTIC SOURCE—only—$5., available for hundreds of thousands of arms of all nationalities.) Free brochure. HERALDIC PUBLISHING, Dept. NR, 305 West End, New York 23, N.Y.

"LIBERTARIAN OR CONSERVATIVE?" topic of weekend seminar to be held October 30, 31 and November 1. Speakers: Milton Friedman, Frank Meyer, Richard Weaver. For information write: Indiana Conservative Club, Box 741, Indianapolis 6.

SAVE 50% ON VITAMINS. Now, free catalog lists all brands, formulas, prices. Compare and save. State vitamins now using. VITAMIN SPECIALTIES, Box 4435-E, Philadelphia 40, Pa.

YOUNG MAN, 27, College—1 year. Abilities—writing, math. References. Box 82, c/o *National Review.*

EXCLUSIVE APOSTLE ISLAND shore frontage on Lake Superior $3.00 per foot, ¼ mile deep. Heavily wooded. Box 91, c/o *National Review.*

EXPERIMENT WITH SLEEP-LEARNING. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalog, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil,. Co-manager, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300. Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAN A LITTLE MAGAZINE BREAK EVEN?

(*Continued from p. 394*)

cost of his subscription; or, if he is already a subscriber, on how many letters (they are costly) need be sent before he gets around to renewing.

Some subscriptions, of course, come in wholly unsolicited. Even though they are negligible in number, they are worth looking at because, costing us nothing to get, they serve an illustrative purpose. Of the $8.00 that comes in "over the transom" for a single subscription, *National Review* will end up spending $4.25 in fulfillment costs, *i.e.*, for paper, print, handling, postage, and subscription maintenance. Our surplus from that subscriber is $3.75. Less than 1 per cent of our subscribers come in by that route.

The subscription renewal, however, is an important staple. It yields us, after deducting the cost of the two or three reminders usually required to bring the renewal in, $3.50.

The subscriber who responds to one of our typical promotion mailings will send us a check for $8.00. We will spend the regular $4.25 on fulfillment; but additionally, we will have spent an average of $3.00 per subscription on the promotion that called *National Review* to his attention. Which means that three dollars of the $3.75 potential profit on his subscription are consumed, leaving us only 75 cents.

Now in the year 1958, total subscriptions were about 50 per cent new, and 50 per cent renewals (our renewal rate runs 60 to 75 per cent). The average profit, then, is derived by adding $3.50 for the renewal, and 75 cents for the new subscription, and dividing the sum by two, which our accountants have done for us. Rounding off their result, we arrive at the figure $2.15.

Therefore, assuming our subscription list continued to grow in the same proportion as in 1958, *i.e.*, half by renewal, half in response to promotion, and that the deficit stayed at $135,000, we would break even with an additional 62,719 subscribers. Added to our present subscription list of about 29,000, this would give us a total mailing of 91,791. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that when there are that many literate and aroused conservatives in the land, the country will break even too!

What do these figures mean for *National Review* and for other journals of opinion? That solvency, from the straight publishing activity, is far away. To be sure, we are headed in the right direction. Every year's deficit has been less than the previous year's thus far.

Though not yet four years old, *National Review*, with 29,000 subscribers, has already surpassed the circulation of four out of the six weekly journals of opinion. We are ahead of the *Nation* (24,000), the *New Republic* (27,000), the *Commonweal* (20,000), and the *New Leader* (18,000), and are surpassed only by religious weeklies, *America* (42,000) and *Christian Century* (37,000). Even so, our deficit is substantial and alarming. *National Review* may not have to wait, to break even, until it has 91,000 readers. The management has been trying to develop corollary commercial enterprises capable of taking on a share of the load. Examples are the radio station *National Review* now owns, but which is not yet spinning off a profit; the *National Review Bulletin*, which could increase our revenues substantially if it continues to grow; and other projects.

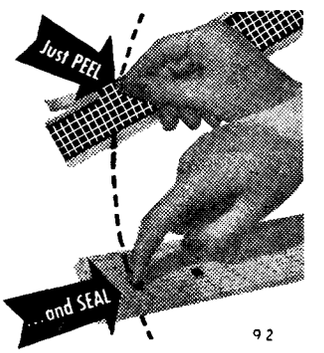
Meanwhile, *National Review* must continue to depend, for its survival, on those who view its purposes with sympathy, can afford to contribute to the political education of their nation, and are generous and dutiful enough to want to do so. Journals of opinion are both educational and political enterprises, and I know of no political enterprise that is self-supporting, and very few educational enterprises; so that it is not so very striking that *National Review* should have to turn for assistance to those it seeks to serve, educationally and politically. If the editors, feature writers, contributors and book reviewers of *National Review* don't offer more education than all the teachers' colleges combined, we volunteer to spend the rest of our lives studying Life Adjustment. If *National Review* does not contribute more to the political sanity of the nation than the League of Women Voters and the Ford Foundation combined, we offer our services, free of charge, to Americans for Democratic Action. If there is not, within the borders of this country, the support that is required to keep alive a weekly journal of conservative thought, we greatly misjudge the temper of America's conservatives.

CORRECT KEY-PUNCH ERRORS

with BRADY self-sticking

CORRECTION SEALS

Made of super-thin Mylar® . . . feeds freely, won't jam equipment. Highly visible opaque red color easy to spot. Fast to apply. Low in cost. Order red and transparent seals from stock; silver on special order. Send for free sample.



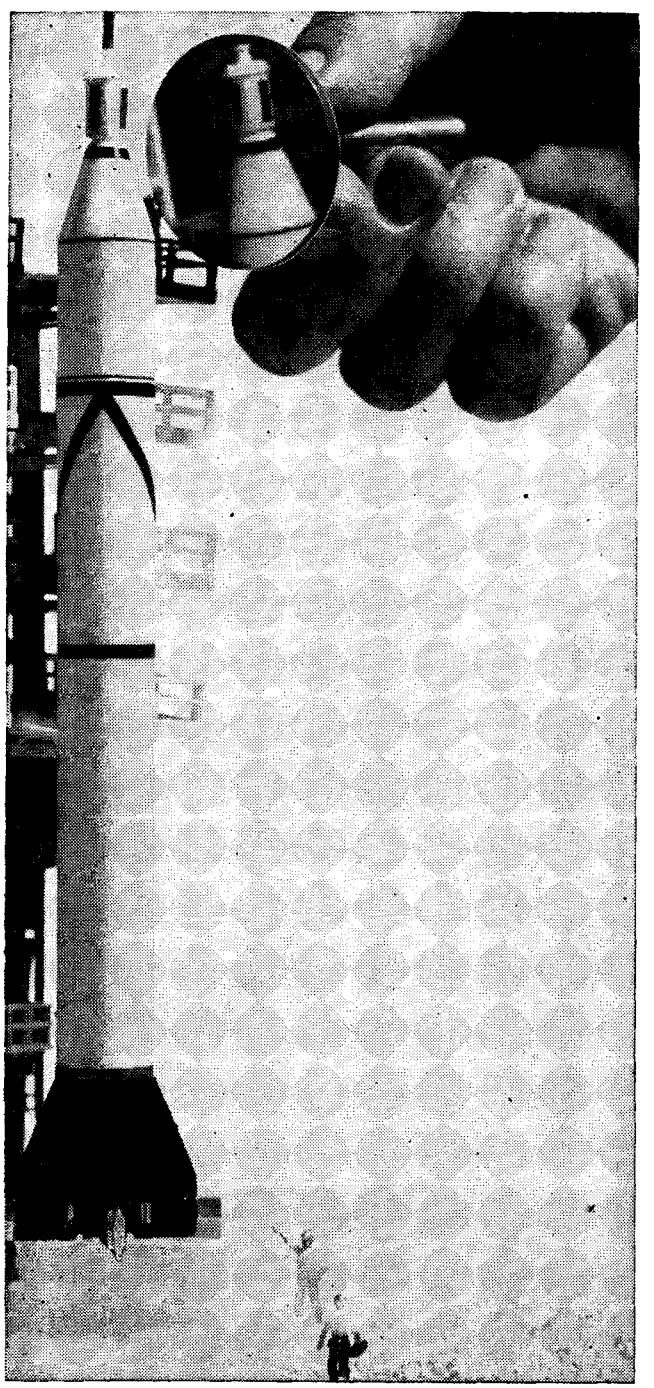
W. H. BRADY CO. • 775 W. GLENDALE AVE. • MILWAUKEE 9, WIS.

Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Tape Products • Est. 1914

SALES OFFICES: Atlanta • Boston • Buffalo • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland Detroit • Hartford • Los Angeles • Milwaukee • New York • Newark • Philadelphia St. Louis • San Francisco • Brampton, Ontario, Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What does Kennametal* have to do with guiding a missile?



This photograph shows the high reflective finish of a little (1⅜" diameter) disc made from Kennametal. As components of guidance systems, these Librascope† integrator discs are of great importance to the operation of aircraft, missiles, and rockets. The extreme hardness of Kennametal, evidenced by the high polish, must endure a tremendously heavy unit loading on the disc with a minimum of deflection.

Three characteristics of all Kennametal grades make these tungsten hard carbide alloys particularly well suited for many other applications calling for exceptional endurance and dimensional stability. For compressive strength, extreme hardness, and high Young's Modulus of Elasticity, Kennametal is unsurpassed.

These same characteristics are required in highly specialized types of photographic equipment, such as aerial cameras, in which Kennametal optical flats substitute for fragile glass mirrors to overcome distortion due to centrifugal or other forces.
As temperature sensing elements in thermostats for jet engines, small tubes of Kentanium* (a titanium carbide) must withstand temperatures in excess of 2000°F.

Many parts subject to abrasion or corrosion are also made from Kennametal . . . such parts as high pressure compressor cylinder liners, seal rings for rotary pumps, valve parts, plungers and bushings, metalworking and mining tools, woodworking knives, and components in machines and equipment that must withstand severe abrasion and wear.

If you'd like more information about Kennametal compositions, just write KENNAMETAL INC., Latrobe, Pennsylvania. Ask for Booklet B-111A—"Characteristics of Kennametal," and B-444A—"Kentanium."

97210

*Trademark †Trademark of Librascope, Inc.

INDUSTRY AND
KENNAMETAL
...Partners in Progress

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED